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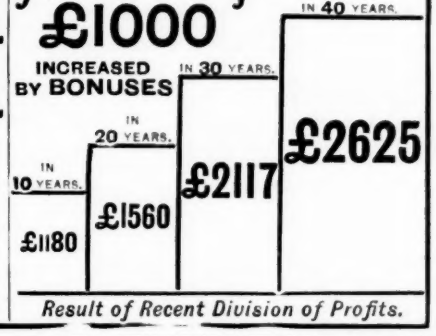

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NOTES

THE most interesting feature in the debate on the Address last week, next to Mr. Chamberlain's admirable speech, was the discussion on the expediency of remitting the punishment imposed on the dynamiters seven or eight years ago. Mr. Haldane gave utterance to the rather stale and perfectly irrelevant cant about the difference between 'political' and other offenders; as if it made the slightest difference in one's treatment of a cowardly and implacable assailant whether he be the noblest creature under heaven or not. But your modern rebel demands to play the game on the condition that if he loses he shall not be asked to pay. Sir William Harcourt, it is pleasant to note, took up a very firm position on the matter, though he was pretty hard pressed by his Irish allies. He may have been inspired by a vivid remembrance of the series of violent emotions he passed through during his tenure of the Home Office; or he may not. But so it was, that he summed up the matter in a way thoroughly becoming a responsible statesman, and pointed out that the sixteen or so convicts in question had been convicted by juries, after a fair trial, on evidence which there was nothing to impugn then and which there is nothing to impugn now. Of course, he insisted that the Home Rule agitation had no connection with the Fenian movement. But that proposition is not a very easy one to establish in the face of facts. For the Irish Nationalists never cease to sing the praises of avowed traitors, and, while they profess a half-hearted detestation of the offence, are always eager for the escape of the offender.

ON Monday night, Mr. Sexton brought forward an amendment to the Address to the effect that the Imperial Parliament is unequal to the task of legislating for Ireland, especially in view of the failure of last year's Land Purchase Act. In support of this contention he delivered a long and 'fireworky' speech which no doubt afforded him the highest gratification. He began by denouncing Lord Salisbury's recent allusions to Ireland, describing the Premier as a scoffer by nature and a bigot by calculation. The only point of real importance, however, in his harangue was his repudiation of any desire for information as to the details of the Gladstonian Home Rule Bill. He declined to join with the arch-wrecker Mr. Chamberlain (whom he also branded as the 'Wicked Uncle') in hanging out false lights to draw the vessel on to the sands just as she was entering port. For the rest, his argument upon the failure of Mr. Balfour's Land Bill was, naturally, altogether inconclusive; as many years must elapse before a final opinion can be passed on a measure of such magnitude. Mr. Jackson at once rose to reply to Mr. Sexton, and may be heartily congratulated on this his first important appearance as Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. He had no difficulty in disposing of the previous speaker's facts and figures, which he discussed with great thoroughness and patience. In the latter part of his reply he rose to a quite unexpected height of eloquence. He drew a lively contrast between progressive and unprogressive Ireland; and wound up by pointing out how Mr. Sexton, who complained bitterly of the poverty of his island, proposed to relieve it by separation from a country which had pledged her credit to make Ireland prosperous.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN added nothing of consequence or interest to the discussion. Mr. Redmond, however, distinguished himself by a speech of great ability, which can have been but bitter hearing for the Gladstonians. Unlike Mr. Sexton, he pressed for full information as to Home Rule, and charged Sir William Harcourt with gross unfairness in speaking of Mr. Parnell's 'Fenian' scheme. Also he brought into strong relief the deplorable position of the Anti-Parnellites, who are bound to keep in with the Gladstonians, yet dare not bate their demands one jot or tittle for fear of being outbidden by the Parnellites in the competition for the Irish vote. Mr. Barton, a new member, proved that Ulster has once more been fortunate in sending to Parliament a champion of uncommon ability in speech; and Colonel Saunderson kept his side of the House in constant merriment. It had been supposed that the debate would continue for another night; but the Gladstonians had got more than they bargained for, and preferred to take their chance of beating the Government in a snatch division. This—as if to justify our last week's Parliamentary leader—they came much too near doing (the Government majority was but 21), for the Conservative whips were ill-prepared for such an emergency, and were wholly taken by surprise: which whips ought never to be. The Opposition was in high feather at the closeness of the battle; but the Government may console itself with the reflection that the Address is disposed of. The business on Tuesday and Wednesday was of scant account.

WEDNESDAY saw a great outpouring of political oratory. Sir William Harcourt delivered a boisterous harangue in Whitechapel, exclaiming valiantly over what he thinks as good as a victory on Monday night; the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain addressed the Rural Labourers' League: while Mr. Balfour responded to the toast of his health at the Constitutional Club in an incisive and powerful speech. He began by impressing upon his Parliamentary supporters the necessity of sticking closely to work in the House of Commons: for, though this was 'in all probability' the final session of a Parliament which had lasted for six years of 'unexampled utility,' it would be impossible to round off the great series of labours which the Government had undertaken without steady support

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in the 'day-to-day toil of Parliamentary life.' This is excellent, and does not seem to point to an early dissolution. The First Lord then went on to allude to the administration of Ireland under the present Ministry, but soon left 'pæans over difficulties surmounted' for a warning against perils to come. He dwelt upon the steady refusal of the Gladstonians to explain their scheme of Home Rule, and found a simple explanation of this reticence in the fact that they had not the slightest idea of what it was going to be. Sir William Harcourt deserved the gratitude of his party the other night for his golden silence. For the dilemma that the Opposition had to face was being brought out in a more clear-cut and concise manner than it had ever been before.

Compare what the Gladstonians say to English electors when they want their support, and what the Nationalists say to the Gladstonians when they promise them *their* support. Mr. Maden in Rossendale made Home Rule a matter of gas, water, railways, electricity, police, and land. Mr. Fowler would allow an Irish Parliament to work out its own salvation and do anything stupid. But when it crossed the line of stupidity and did anything 'wrong' (and that must mean wrong in the eyes of the Imperial Parliament), the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament would become an effective force. Why, Sir William Harcourt himself had repudiated the idea of destroying the control of the Imperial Parliament! On the other hand, both sections of Irish Nationalists claimed that the Irish Parliament should be 'free as air.' The Gladstonians then, have promised one thing to the English electorate, another to the Irish; and they must make up their minds which they are going to cheat. Who are to be the dupes? They will probably determine the question on pure motives of expediency, for broken pledges encumber them on every side. If they cheat the Irish, the Nationalists will turn them out of office as 'base scoundrels.' If they cheat the English constituencies, even they with all their loyalty will revolt. Mr. Balfour dealt especially with the probability that the Irish representatives to be retained in the Imperial Parliament would wring concession after concession out of a Gladstonian Government; and wound up a strictly logical train of argument by expressing his opinion that Sir William feared nothing more than a return to office dependent on Nationalist support.

Mr. J. A. Willox was last Monday returned unopposed for the Everton Division of Liverpool. The death of Mr. Hankey makes a vacancy in the Chertsey Division of Surrey, where the Conservative majority in 1885 was 1980. As Mr. Hankey meant to stand again there is no Conservative candidate, though the Liberals are provided. Mr. Henry Wardle's death creates a vacancy in South Derbyshire, where the Gladstonian majority was over a thousand votes in '80, and more than two thousand in '85. The rival Conservative candidates for North Kensington have agreed to submit their claims to arbitration. No such luck seems in store for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, where Mr. Bingham-Cox persists in his opposition to Mr. Gibbs, the choice of the party managers, who alone of the pair is capable of keeping the electorate to its present faith.

The prospects of General von Caprivi's Anti-Atheist Education Bill have become more stormy. Sixty-nine out of the eighty-three régular professors in Berlin University have declared against it, and they include all the professors in the Theological Faculty save two. In their petition they assail the measure chiefly because of the danger attending a surrender of the control of the State schools to outside forces—the Churches, to wit. They also plead the injury to elementary education and to schoolmasters that would result from placing affairs under the clerical thumb. On the mere test of its effects in checking the spread of Atheism or Socialism, they argue that the outcome would be the opposite of that expected by the authors of the bill. Whatever impression this appeal may have upon the Government, it cannot fail to make a strong mark on public opinion, both inside and outside Prussia.

The Kaiser and his Chancellor have had other, and possibly graver, causes of anxiety during the week. Militarism is in bad odour in the Fatherland at the present moment. Popular feeling in Berlin has been irritated by the sentries in pleasure-grounds and promenades firing at passengers who, unwittingly it may be, trespassed on forbidden ground, and who failed to stand when challenged. Prince George of Saxony's Order on the subject of the ill-treatment of the German soldiers by their officers—published, it appears, through a fortunate 'breach of confidence'—has created still wider and stronger indignation. Both subjects have been before the Reichstag in the discussion of the Army Budget. The House passed a resolution virtually condemning and setting bounds to the shooting practices of sentries in public streets. A motion demanding open courts-martial, such as are already established in Bavaria, and a thorough reform of military jurisdiction, brought Count Caprivi to his legs in no small dudgeon. He accused the newspapers of 'telling lies' as to the ill treatment of soldiers; and he reminded the House that the Emperor alone was responsible for the discipline of the army. At the same time he could not deny that there had been abuses, and that the Prussian Military Law was capable of amendment. The course of any reform, however, must be considered by the King in conference with his generals, before the Reichstag could be asked to examine it; and he invited members to wait till another session. But the light cast on this dark spot has already done so much good that there will be a disposition to insist upon more and still more publicity in the working of the Prussian Military Law.

Japan is gathering the blessed fruits of Democratic institutions: the first Japanese Parliament has come to an untimely end, after a troubled life of little more than a year. The Government essayed to conduct the affairs of the country with a hostile majority in the House of Representatives. But the Progressist Opposition had not studied party methods and tactics in the 'Mother of Parliaments' in vain. It obstructed as persistently as if it had graduated in the school of Parnell; and it was successful, as the Government complains, in entirely destroying the harmonious co-operation between the Legislature and the Executive.' Every proposal was opposed; and in the end the Diet refused to pass a vote for the relief of distress in the districts ravaged by earthquake. The Government naturally thinks this a favourable opportunity for dissolution; and Japan is in the throes of a general election. The Progressists have their reply, of course: they issue a manifesto denouncing the Government for its defence of the untenable ruins of the old feudal system, and demanding a 'party Cabinet.' Political feeling runs high; and electioneering riots have occurred in some of the larger towns. There be those who aver that Japan's first Parliament, or at most its second, will be its last.

In Canada the 'general election in miniature' caused by vacancies due to corrupt practices last spring has added, so far, eight votes to the Government's strength in the House: in each case by increased majorities. The Commissioners appointed to debate a reciprocity treaty with the States have returned from Washington: Mr. Blaine having asked for guarantees that their negotiations would be recognised by Great Britain. Whether or not Sir Julian Pauncefote was able to give these does not yet appear; but as the Commissioners declare themselves satisfied, and as their immediate work was to arrange the terms of agreement, it may be supposed that the matter is adjourned until after the declaration of the Behring Sea award: before which nothing can be definitely settled.

The strike of Tyneside engineers has so far extended that ten thousand men belonging to the Amalgamated Society are 'walking the streets'—as the Society's placard puts it—and five thousand belonging to other trades are deprived of the opportunity of making a living. The men themselves are utterly disheartened, but the Union officials do their utmost to keep the strike alive: especially by preventing 'foreign' men from seeking work in the district. The Federation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Trades, finding its efforts at conciliation frustrated by the determination of Messrs. Palmer's men that no plumber shall handle a pipe of more than two inches, have recommended a conference in order that some plan may be devised for leaving the engineers in the lurch. The latter demand that the lock-out notices be withdrawn; but there is no prospect that anything so certain to endanger the employers' liberty of action will be done.

Sir Provo Wallis, who is just dead in his 101st year, was—by the accident which enabled him to be rated A.B. in his fourth—for ninety-seven years in the naval service. He sailed in 1802, and was taken prisoner by the French in 1805. He saw good service afterwards, and was second lieutenant of the *Shannon* at the time of the famous fight between that vessel and the *Chesapeake*. Nor did his active service end before 1857. We have also to record the death of Dr. Junker, the well-known African traveller; of Dr. Donald Fraser, an eminent Presbyterian; of Mr. J. J. Knox, the foremost American authority on currency and banking; and of Sir James Caird, who rendered many services to agriculture by the collection of facts and statistics. Perhaps the most famous of all those who have died of late was Colonel Grant, whose discoveries in Africa are matters of history.

The American 'banker-capitalist' has been scoring heavily in the so-called coal 'deal'; but it is by no means certain that the booty will be realisable in hard cash. One reason against success is that the combination has no control over the output of 'soft' (bituminous) coal. Hence holders of Philadelphia and Reading securities—the leading coal road—ought to unload upon their 'bosses' without delay. On the Four per Cent. guaranteed stock of Grand Trunks a dividend of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for the last six months of the past year makes in all but $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for 1891. And though the Company must earn other £40,000 a-year before the First Preference can receive a dividend, prices stand high. The steady improvement of the Randt crushings has at last made some impression on the Stock Exchange. Of late the shares of the principal South African gold-mining companies have advanced materially, and in the course of the year many of them are likely to attain to better quotations.

HONEST, HONEST JOHN

IRELAND, whether conscious or not, is now happy in the possession of a brace of Honest Johns. It is not probable that this honourable title will be removed from Mr. John Dillon—though we hear it very rarely—because Mr. John Redmond has come forward to dispute his pre-eminence. But there can be no question as to the fact of rivalry. Whether the honesty of the member for Waterford is or is not due to pure love of virtue might be arguable matter if one were debating stuff so purely speculative. Probably not. The motives of all men—and especially of Irish patriots—are mixed. Without rating Mr. Redmond below the very moderate standard of excellence by which it is fair to judge a Nationalist member, we may suppose that he is not the less inclined to honesty because it happens to square with his interests. Mr. Dillon himself, the type of honest man, has been less frequently coupled with his adjective since the course of events (in divorce courts, committee rooms, bishops' palaces, and polling booths) has drawn so many misleading trails across the straight road he used to find so easy to follow behind his nose. But one need not be hypercritical. The Irish member will have his day, and he is entitled to the fun of it while it lasts. This is the day of Mr. John Redmond. Twice since Parliament reassembled he has come forward in the character of honest man, and both times his rendering of the part has been merely excellent. For our own part, we do not profess to be moved to admiration solely by our love of virtue. As things stand with the Separatists, an honest man—that is, a man who insists on discovering all sorts of inconvenient truths—is an intolerable nuisance. This function does Mr. Redmond sedulously discharge, and we trust that he will continue to discharge it till the next general election—and after.

If Mr. Redmond had not cut his record on Monday evening, we should rank his amendment of last week as a perfect example of the honesty which, designing to embarrass, achieves a triumphant success. The case of the poor dynamiters is one of those things which the Anti-Parnellite would very gladly leave alone (if he dared), and the Gladstonian would vastly prefer not to hear mentioned—if only he could master his exacting Irish friends. A reminder of the fact that the Nationalists marched through crime to the conquest of Mr. Gladstone is in all ways disagreeable and untimely; and particularly so at the very moment when it is even more desirable than usual to dissemble the unlucky truth that Ireland admires one special set of criminals because they are patriots, and will have it that their criminality is proof positive of their patriotism. But it is Mr. Redmond's cue to speak for the real beliefs of Ireland; so he moved his amendment to the Address in favour of Daly and the rest. Of course, he combined in his speech those two pleas, apparently contradictory, which reconcile themselves in the strange Irish mind: that is to say, he defended Daly and Co. (1) because they are innocent men unjustly accused, and (2) because their criminal intentions prove them good Irishmen. So argued Mr. Redmond, dragging the Anti-Parnellites with him—but not Sir William Harcourt. There is a point at which even a gutta-percha doll will bend no more, and that point of pliability is reached

by Sir William when he is asked to say that the dynamiters are martyrs. He would fain have said nothing; but speak he must, and speak he did—and with his nose upon the grindstone he refused to support Mr. Redmond. Indeed, he was more resolute than Mr. Matthews, who showed a rather feeble inclination to reconsider the case of Egan. Here, then, was a good piece of work done by Mr. Redmond. He once more brought out the deep-rooted preference of Irishmen for the use of crime in politics, and he set the Nationalists in opposition to Sir William Harcourt; so that the country was reminded, by witnesses whose competence is undeniable, of a truth which the Gladstonians have every reason to keep quiet, while an illustration was given of that pleasing conformity of ideas which prevails on the Separatist benches. The instruction is completed by the comment of *The Freeman's Journal*. That print fully expects that, when the next general election has put the Separatists in office, six months will not have passed ere these innocent men, condemned in a panic and on no evidence at all, will be released as a pledge of the Union of Hearts. *The Freeman's Journal* believes that it knows its Harcourt; and perhaps it does. That is doubtless the reason why it pays no sort of attention to his last week's oaths.

On Monday evening Mr. Redmond surpassed his feat of Friday. He intervened in the debate on Mr. Sexton's amendment with a speech quite exquisitely adapted to annoy his rivals. Mr. Sexton asked the House to vote that the Imperial Parliament could not govern Ireland acceptably, because the Land Act was a failure. (It is a failure, be it noted in passing, because landlords and tenants have shown marked disinclination to take advantage of it: the which, if it be permanent, will prevent not a few of the evils anticipated of the measure.) Mr. Sexton kept pretty closely to the failure, and said little of the Home Rule which is to save poor Ireland from such blunders in the near future. That was the convenient line, but it did not suit Mr. Redmond, so he struck in with an effective reminder of all those things which the Gladstonians consider proper for concealment. What is Home Rule to be? What is meant by the subordination of the Irish Parliament? what about the control of the police? what about the land? These were some of the very nasty questions he insisted on putting. He stated once more that it is not Gas, and Electricity, and Water Bills which will satisfy the Legislature which is to meet on College Green. Not thus will that great body be satisfied: not thus, but with the power of Canada, and with her freedom from the control of the Imperial Parliament; with the right to raise troops and arm warships, to impose protective duties and send ambassadors to foreign Powers, no less! Ireland, in fact, will have all that Norway has, *plus* the one thing Norway has still to extort from Sweden. That is Home Rule according to Mr. John Redmond; and the Anti-Parnellites said nothing to the contrary; and Sir William Harcourt said nothing at all. Yet Mr. Redmond gave Sir William an excellent chance, for he asked Sir William to be good enough to define what he means by Mr. Parnell's Fenian Home Rule. Mr. Parnell's Home Rule is that of all the Irish members: demanded by them unanimously during the brief interval in which they were unanimous in Committee Room 15. If Ireland be denied it, then how will it be with Mr. Redmond's dear enemies—the rival firm of patriots? And if she get it, what does Sir William mean by that bad word 'Fenian'? This was the dilemma for the Separatist party stated by the member for Waterford; and this is the cleft stick from which there is no escaping. It avails that party exactly nothing at all that Mr. M'Laren moved the Closure with success. There is Mr. John Redmond's question, which is also the question put by the facts, and the answer must be given some day: to the ruin, as we believe, of those who are toiling to patch up a majority of contraries.

TOUTING BY NUISANCE

THE substance of what the Socialists had to say who recently deputed themselves and each other to go and lament at the Home Office was this. They want to be allowed to hold meetings in streets which are in use as thoroughfares, because if they hold them in open spaces, or in streets that lead nowhither, nobody will pay any attention to them. This is the age of impudence, and this Socialist claim is fully worthy of the age it adorns. A man who confesses, as these persons did, that he does not care to exercise his right of free speech—or whatever it may be—as long as he can do so without inflicting a great deal of unlawful annoyance on other people, and therefore suggests that he should be wrongfully allowed to exercise it where it does so annoy, is a person with whom it is difficult to deal as he deserves. The difficulty arises chiefly from his being grown-up. Suppose a little boy were allowed to beat his drum in an empty attic, and that little boy should urge persistently that there was no fun in that, and that he wanted to beat it in the drawing-room while his mother was entertaining company, the practical reply would be equally obvious and effective. But the country is too free, and the laws are too inelastic, to allow of Mr. Matthews' visitors being dealt with in this manner.

It has more than once been pointed out in these columns that in the consideration of subjects of this class it is necessary to distinguish between the right of expressing one's opinions and the desire to commit a nuisance which Socialists, Salvationists, Home Rulers, and dyspeptic people generally, are always trying to confound together, so that the distinction may be lost sight of and ignored. They falsely pretend that all they want to do is to make their opinions known. In fact, there are heaps of ways of doing that, of which standing on your hind legs and making a speech in a street or park is about the most ineffective there can be. It is ineffective because very few people can hear you, and the few who get near enough to do so are almost always indiscriminating sympathisers, who know perfectly well all you have to say, and have probably heard you say it a great many times before. What you really want is not to express your opinions to people who want to know what they are, or to be told them over again, but to force the fact—that you, the speaker, exist, and profess the alleged opinions—upon the attention of other people whose only wish in the matter is not to be bothered by you: which is a very different thing. If the orators go to a place proper for oration, the quiet people thankfully keep away, and therefore they want to be allowed to pursue the quiet people into places which cannot be avoided.

If you block up a thoroughfare, all the people who want to use it will curse you, and it is better, in the opinion of the Socialists, etc., to be cursed than to go unobserved. Now we—the quiet people—have a right of not listening to rubbish, which is quite as important as the right of Socialists to talk rubbish; and inasmuch as we are infinitely stronger, richer, more numerous, and more deserving than they, we are justly chargeable, if we allow them to have their way, with foolish submissiveness or with inefficient institutions. We pay police rates and imperial taxes partly in order that they should not have their way, and that we should be enabled to go about our business with the ease and freedom from annoyance, danger, or accident, which is one of the chief luxuries of civilisation. Therefore we trust that the Socialists who have lately victimised that part of the public which uses a place in Chelsea called the World's End may continue to be prosecuted and suppressed in every possible way, and that no one will be silly enough to think for a moment of a surrender to their almost miraculously impudent pretensions.

Another branch of the same topic concerns Mr. William Booth's recent 'demonstration.' It was the same old demonstration. It has been a little too frequent these last few months, and perhaps the taste for it is on the wane. But the tendency to its disuse should be actively stimulated by the police. Already the thing, being known, is far better managed than it used to be. A procession is no longer allowed absolutely to monopolise a main street for an hour and a-half together. Pretty often it is divided, by halting all the proceeders behind a certain point, and through the gaps thus made the congested traffic is relieved. But there is still room for improvement. If it were resolved, by whatever authority have the power, in every town in the country, that no organised procession of private persons should ever occupy any thoroughfare for a greater continuous length than sixty yards, and that no such procession should follow any other at a less interval than a hundred yards, and if such resolution were strictly enforced, it would be an excellent thing. The first point is to bear in mind the principle of the matter: which is that the right of making speeches and the practice of collecting crowds in thoroughfares have nothing in the world to do with each other. Everybody can, and does, make all the speeches he wants to make to more than all the people who want to hear them. People who want to obstruct thoroughfares have one object and one only: which is to tout for themselves and their notions by causing inconvenience to as many respectable people as they can of all classes, and especially of the classes which go in omnibuses. That is to say, their deliberate design is to commit a common nuisance; and, if the law be reasonable (which it is) and properly administered (which it ought to be), the fulfilment of that sinful and criminal purpose cannot be permitted.

BLACKLIST OR BLACKMAIL?

NO one, we suppose, would argue nowadays that the Trades' Unions have not justified their existence. They came into being at a time when the workman was in a measure oppressed by the mercantile class; they had to fight—and did not always fight fair; their methods were often most unrighteous. But they succeeded in establishing the law that a man is entitled to fair wages, with sanitary surroundings and a certain amount of leisure. The better Unions have learned that the day of battle is over: their function is to promote peaceable and satisfactory relations between employer and employed, to avert strikes and disturbances of trade, and to see that Capital shall not grow overexacting in its demands upon Labour, knowing full well that the other side will maintain its own rights.

But 'cocker a child,' said the Wise Man, 'and he will make thee afraid.' The non-employing public has encouraged the labourer to cry out for more profit and everlastingly more. And the Unionist, finding himself thus humoured, has fallen into an error natural to all such as have but recently attained to civic or social advantages: the belief, that is, that these advantages have been won, not for the community in general but, for that minority alone which has made the most noise or done the most work. Therefore you shall find one Union after another neglecting the interest, the present pecuniary interest, of its members (which is the receipt of proper pay for each hour's work, according to the conditions and habit of the trade) and striving to stablish itself as a close corporation, levying blackmail now upon the employer and now upon the public, and again—as in the case of the Tyneside engineers—upon other Unions. Fortunately the end of such politics is disaster: always disaster.

The London Coal Porters have joined issue with their masters upon the question of Free Labour. One firm, with depôts in every quarter of London, employed a foreman who did not belong to the Union. His 'mates' struck at the first favourable pretext, though he had worked beside them for eight years. Not many days passed before their places were filled: when, seeing that the wrangle could not end in victory, the Union leaders, after many attempts to bully the offending company, ordered all their porters to stop work. An excuse for this general strike has been offered. The Coalmasters' Association issued a circular, remarking that one firm was being thus beset, and urging its members to insist that any man who sought work should be able to present a reference signed by his last employer. This circular, or 'blacklist,' is the root of discord, according to the Union: and there is thus much of truth in the contention—that on its terms non-unionists might compete on a favourable handicap against those of the strikers who belonged to the Union and had left Messrs. Cameron's employ. For months, it is notorious, the leaders of this gang have been striving to coerce the London coal-merchants into enlarging and multiplying the Union: they have insisted upon increasing the rate of wages (the money ultimately being provided by the consumer), so that now, although Messrs. Cameron pay an average of two guineas, and in several instances pay nearer three, they come short of this standard. Lastly, 9000 men are deprived of their work (the consumer again suffering) in order that outsiders might starve or be compelled to swell the banking accounts of certain officials. Not one-half of the men who every day last week were hanging about the St. Pancras 'bays' knew why they were kept from their work, and those who did know were in

opposition. There was no heart in the strike, because it had no just cause.

The scheme for blackmailing the public through the employer has ended as every one who knew the truth desired it should end. The masters had no ill-will against this particular Union: but it is dead now, and men have been seen in the streets tearing up their cards of membership. The leaders could not reject the offer of employment for any one that asked it. Even the miserable minority which held out babbling of treachery has taken the chance of bread. As it is, however, 2000 of the strikers are without work: and there are statistics to show that, had the leaders continued the vain struggle, by this day the coal trade of London had been in its usual swing. So Messrs. O'Connor and Brill and Brennon see their Union—a week ago most admirably organised and servile in its obedience—'dead, dead and done with.' The masters sought no quarrel: they gave work to every qualified person who asked it. They have yielded not an inch, have withdrawn not a line of their circular: and now the corporation or guild which was to pocket all the 'swag' of an organised robbery of the coal-consumer is split into three or more parties, and is ineffective for any further mischief. Which is the only satisfactory reflection proceeding from the subject.

AUSTRALIA'S 'NIGGER'

SIR SAMUEL GRIFFITH, Premier of Queensland, has attempted another solution of the labour question of Australia by performing a *volte-face*. During the past seven years it has been the custom, wherever planters were gathered together, for them to raise their glasses and say, 'Damnation to Sam Griffith!' For seven years, indeed, Sam Griffith has been the most determined foe to the importation of Polynesian labour into Queensland. He it was that succeeded in getting through Parliament the Polynesian Act of 1885, which ordained that in 1891 the Kanaka should cease from coming to Queensland, and that the planter should henceforth depend on the white man for field-work in a temperature of 100° in the shade: this, in face of the fact that the evidence given before a Royal Commission four years ago was entirely with the planter—that is, with the country, as Sir Samuel Griffith has acknowledged by his latest manifesto.

The truth is that up till this hour Sir Samuel has been playing into the hands of Labour Unions—those dogs-in-the-manger of Australia. It has been proved beyond peradventure that the portion of Australia north of the Twenty-fifth Parallel can only be worked successfully with the help of the Coolie, or the Polynesian, and the Chinaman; and this embraces just one-half of Australia. But the miner and the wharf-labourer at Rockhampton, Brisbane, Townsville, and elsewhere said, 'We will have no coloured labour.' And from 1885 until now they have had their way. And with what result? The depreciation of plantation values, the gradual weeding-out of the Polynesian, the abandonment of mills and machinery, and, naturally, a sore contraction for the trade of Queensland. What the sugar industry means to Queensland may be gathered from the fact that its average value for three years. 1887, 1888, 1889, was about £800,000, while the wool industry (belonging chiefly to southernmost Queensland) averaged about £1,600,000 for the same time. Sugar-growing is radical to the development of Queensland—of, indeed, the northern half of Australia: wipe it out, and there is left the uncertain prosperity of mining, and casual wool-growing—and naught else. There is fruit, of course; but thus far it is only the Chinaman who has made a trade in bananas: and it will be so to the end. Yet the working-man who would not, and could not, work in the fields, when he was told that the enforcement of the Polynesian Act would destroy a great industry, said simply, 'Let it go; something else will take its place.' But there is nothing to take its place: and even if there were, what a desperate loss would occur from the destruction of millions of capital may be imagined. It is not the land in which the capital is sunk, but the machinery for sugar-mills and refineries. Close down the machinery, and it becomes valueless, as is evident in several parts of Queensland at this moment. In 1890, at the village of Maryborough alone, there was £70,000 worth of machinery lying idle. It costs a Queensland planter £3 a ton to produce sugar with the Polynesian. With the white man it would cost him over £5—even if the white man could be got; and this has again and again been proved impossible, so far as continuous labour is concerned, save in the very southernmost portions of the colony.

Under the old regulations which Sir Samuel Griffith (his repentance and renouncement do him credit) has determined to renew, the Kanaka was only imported, under the supervision of Government officers, for three years; at the end of which time he was returned to his island home under the same supervision. He did not settle in Queensland, he did not become a citizen, he was a mere sojourner, he left the country better (by his labour) than he found it. He thus enabled the Queenslanders to compete with sugar from Java where the Javanese are paid fourpence per day, from Mauritius where the coolies are paid sixpence per day, from Natal where the natives are paid threepence per day. Under the old regulations, also, the Kanaka was allowed to do work in the fields alone; with the consequence that he gave employment to numbers of white men in the mills and as artisans on the plantations. Taking an average plantation at Mackay, a great sugar centre, it is found that 80 white men were employed to 320 Kanakas, and that the former received as wages £9500, while the latter received £2300. This was in 1889. In 1892 about one-third of these labourers and artisans are employed on the same plantation, and £60,000 worth of machinery is lying idle. Thus it is that Sir Samuel Griffith has made his somersault none too soon. If he do not entirely save the industry, at least he will give it new life. And may the gods give him courage to withstand the horrible selfishness, wrong-headedness, insincerity, and brutality of the Queensland 'labour-roarer!' For the rest we forgive him, and urge the planters to change their toast.

THE NEW CARDINAL

THE ways of Rome are slow, and time must pass before the Roman Church in England shall boast another figurehead. The problem for consideration is

beset with difficulty. It is known widely enough that the Vatican held in scant favour the later courses of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. These were somewhat too progressive: they lacked the conventionalities which an ancient form of government must needs enforce upon its service. The religion of Mr. Booth being a novel development of human eccentricity, that illustrious person may safely permit himself the vagaries of novelty. Each change is turned a precedent. Consider the case of a Pope of Rome hawked through the seas in special steamers, impeding the traffic of capitals, ranting through continents, playing the mountebank under the suns of East and West, and picture therewith the shocks which the customs of the venerable institution which he rules would suffer thereby. It is necessary—it is essential—that such a Church should follow the times with caution. To lead were to risk a false step. Now, the late Cardinal Manning was impatient of aught save leadership: it galled him to be straggling in the rear. Whether the times were tending to progress or to retrogression, he would ever be marching in the van. Even the conventionally religious side of his episcopal office found in him a lukewarm fulfilment. It is said that during the twenty-seven years of his episcopate he never paid one of those Visitations of Churches which are prescribed in his Church as among the chief duties of a bishop. 'My priests,' he is recorded to have exclaimed in a passing mood of dissatisfaction, 'are little more than vehicles for administering the Sacraments.' Thus, in a sense, was he out of tune with the discreet and wary diplomats who wield the influences of the Vatican. To these his Radicalism seemed a little pitiful, and exceeding unwise; it had a compromising aspect, too, which to their beliefs is as Africa to the Arctic Circle of their dignity. To be silent before speech, to smile before laughter, to test the season before venturing from home: it was Manning's scorn of these extremely prudent principles which in the eyes of his rulers made him an anxious expectation. Nor was it less his manner in public action than his attitude towards society which contributed to this anxiety. His frank leanings to democracy, and his fierce views on the Irish Question—'My grandmother,' he once said in pathetic excuse, 'was a Ryan'—sent him travelling down far other than authoritative Roman roads. In brief, he was out of tune with Rome—the Rome, that is, of diplomacy; and the problem before the Vatican is, how to discover the most efficacious method of quietly counteracting that social influence which was the result of his latest labours in public life?

There are two courses open, and, so far as can at present be predicted, the chances seem equipoised in favour of each. The coldness of the Vatican, expressed after the subtle manner of Courts, was a fact undeniable; but the precise degree of disfavour it is impossible to calculate. If the high character of the late Cardinal somewhat neutralised the Pontifical anxieties over his imprudences, it seems likely that the choice of the Pope and his counsellors will fall upon some excellent cleric of negative political views and of assured piety. The position won through persistent toil and unremitting energy by Cardinal Manning, and the social results that came from it, would thus be changed into a mere memory. An edifying Archbishop, busy over the religious affairs of Westminster, not lending his name to Protection Societies, and scarcely known outside the Roman Catholic body, would take the vacant see in a very different spirit from that of his predecessor. If such were the condition of things desired by the Vatican, the choice were not unlikely to fall upon the present Bishop of Newport and Menevia, a prelate whose literature has admirers among Roman Catholics, who is otherwise inconspicuous in public life, and whose chief distinction would be the quiet efficiency with which he would govern the purely religious interests of his province. But if, behind the secrecy of silence, the Vatican had cherished feelings of deeper offence than a superficial action revealed; if Manning's democratic principles had aroused there an alarm of which only a resolute prudence warned the suppression; and if, in consequence, it were felt that some influence more aggressively counter should be drifted into the See of Westminster—and the picture is as probable as it is conceivable—the hat can fall to none but the Bishop of Salford. This is a prelate whose favour ranks high in the Vatican, and whose fierce defence of the temporal power has brought him into the strongest sympathies with the strongest party of the Papal Court. It is known that he is a Tory, and that in many important crises his views on public questions have absolutely contradicted those of the late Cardinal; and his energy cannot be questioned. Upon him the archiepiscopal mantle seems likeliest to fall; but it is curious to note that, whoever the successful candidate, the influence of Cardinal Manning will count to him as naught. He will have to win his own spurs. For this death, in spite of all questions of policy, has in truth seemed in a sense to provincialise the Roman Church in England.

FUDGE ABOUT OPIUM

THE Anti-Opiumite is the worst of faddists, and of Anti-Opiumites quite the most moonstruck is a Mr. Matheson, Chairman of the Society for the Suppression of the Trade. To heal his sickness much valuable time has been expended: by Dr. Watt in the preparation of his admirable paper (see *The National Observer* of October 17th) on the *Papaver Somniferum*; by the Indian authorities on the compilation of a bulky Blue-book, which, in accordance with Mr. Curzon's promise, appeared last week. Yet your Matheson, case-hardened in ignorance, trots out all the old fallacies, all the old threadbare—(for we will be moderate)—misstatements. 'The abuse of opium,' says Mr. Matheson, heedless of grammar and careful of incoherence, 'is incurable with rare exceptions, and by the endurance of an agony almost worse than death.' Now, he had no business whatever thus to rant, in *The Times* or anywhere else: in the first place, because the utmost that can be urged against opium is that if you take it in excess it weakens your nerves and debilitates your body—and such cases are very exceptional; and in the second, because, as Dr. Watt has been at pains to show, you may take it in moderate quantities habitually and through a life-time without either physical or mental hurt. Of course, this ally of Mr. Caine's has reserved himself a loophole in the comfortable word 'abuse'; but the whole tenor of his precious epistle is to show that 'use' is intended thereby, and that he cannot have read a line of the long reports

that have been written for his instruction. For therein it is proved—conclusively proved—that in the malarious fens of Bengal and Assam the poppy is a necessity of life. According to the Commissioner of Excise, its votaries are—not the pitiable wretches of Mr. Matheson's excited fancy but—'good agriculturists, good subjects, and good fathers of families.' Still more remarkable is the evidence that the most warlike and stalwart among Indian races have smoked or eaten the herb from generation to generation; and these Sikhs, these Rajputs, and these Bhils, you are inclined to surmise, would make short work of their traducers, the Committee (say) of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. In one territory, indeed, the narcotic does appear to produce deplorable results; and that Burmah, where, in curious contrast with the immigrant Chinese and Hindus, the feebler native suffers so much from its effects that public opinion and Sir Alexander Mackenzie strongly favour a prohibition in the Lower Province already existing in the Upper. Lord Lansdowne and his Council ask for further evidence, but express their willingness to comply. And indeed the Burmese stomach does appear to be an all-too delicate organ.

Enough of the 'vice': remains the charge that the Indian Government encourages it. To which the answer is that, on the contrary, the artificial price created by the Government monopoly effectually restricts the trade. The plant, though the faddist habitually ignores the fact, was cultivated long before the foundation of the Empire: within the memory of living man there were districts, particularly in Assam, where every villager grew his own poppies. What under the privilege inherited from the Great Mogul has been accomplished is this: the cost has been forced up to the highest point consistent with the prevention of wholesale smuggling; a heavy licence has been placed on the retail shops; the number of establishments where the *chandal* and *madat* are consumed on the premises is stringently limited; further restrictions are promised. It results that, if you take into account the increase of population, the 'vice' is certainly not spreading. True that the revenue has augmented; but that is simply because in some provinces smuggling is at a discount owing to the greater efficiency of the Customs officers. As to the bounds within which the commerce has been confined, they may be gauged from the simple figures: one shop for every ten thousand inhabitants, less than one 'den' for every 197,000. By analogy London would possess some four or five hundred public-houses, Glasgow but four establishments where liquor could be drunk in the bar. Total prohibition, the next step in coercion, is in most districts absolutely impracticable. 'Dig up the poppy-fields,' cry the Mathesons: forgetting that the act would be one of the grossest oppression, and would inevitably convert the evicted cultivators into gangs of habitual criminals or overt mutineers. More: such tyranny would be absolutely ineffectual, as the preparation, which bulks but small, could be conveyed with impunity as contraband from the native states, which already produce two-fifths of the crop. Surely even the S.S.O.T. must see that the Indian Government acts in good faith: (1) by guiding the trade within the narrowest channels, to the greater detriment of the revenue; and (2) by providing a pure article, and in this way minimising the (theoretically) pernicious effects of indulgence.

The plain fact of the matter is that the Anti-Opium clamour is pure cant, part Exeter Hall and part Bloomsbury. Let the Japanese lady abandon her charming costume for the latest monstrosity from Paris, let the Baboo don the chimney-pot; then are they in the way to become 'civilised,' and in due course the Household Suffrage, the Divorce Court, and Mothers' Meetings must follow. It is also the case that few people write about opium without calling to mind the Daily Telegraphic parts of De Quincey. But, compared to fiction, how flat the reality! To an Occidental the occupation of sitting cross-legged on a flea-haunted divan, with a pipe-stem the size of a hen's egg in your mouth, is most uncomfortable. The taste, which reminds you of burnt almonds, is not unpleasant; the result of a single dose of *chandal* upon a moderate tobacco-smoker is absolutely naught—no vertigo, no visions, no apparitions, no anything! In short, if the opium-houses of Calcutta resemble those of the East-End—and the evidence is to show that they are fairly well conducted—the S.S.O.T. may write itself down the superfluity of Pecksniffianism. By the way, one of its members, Mr. W. S. Caine, is convicted in the Blue-book of 'assertions of characteristic inaccuracy and hardihood.' They seldom mince matters with that gentleman out in India; but considering, too, his outrageous libels on the Famine Policy of the Madras Government, is it not time he cultivated the virtue of silence?

POLITICS IN RHYME

MR. SAINTSBURY is probably right in contending, as he does in the preface to a certain anthology of *Political Verse* (London: Percival), that 'political verse satire' is apt to be on the side of—not 'what is called liberty and progress' but—'order, as it is called, and authority': right, that is, in so far as Britain is concerned; for to think of France is to think of the Béranger who did so much to bring back the Bonapartes, and of the Hugo who did so much to get rid of them. Like the wise man he is, he leaves the mystery, if mystery it be, to the unaided Minerva of his readers, who no doubt will settle the matter for themselves, each man according to his politics. The point to note is that the party of 'liberty and progress' is only now and then offensively and perilously witty. It had its Moore, its Burns, its Byron; but of late it has followed the example of its Revered Leader, and put its fancies into the plainest, baldest prose. Perhaps the difficulty of explaining, if not of understanding, the utterances of that great and good man has exerted too severe a strain upon its intellects to permit of dalliance with the Muse. Certain it is that it is hard indeed to imagine the editor of *The Daily News* uplifting his voice in song of any sort, political or other; while if his brother of 'the leading Radical weekly' (or words to that effect) were to step forward and 'oblige,' the feeling of the public would be that it had been privileged to enjoy an experience not hitherto repeated since the days of a certain Minor Prophet. No: 'Anti-heverythink' is indeed a noble source of inspiration: anti-Salisbury, anti-Balfour, anti-Hartington, anti-Chamberlain (especially these two last)—conceive it, Reader! But it does not seem to lift them. Does it?

For the rest, it has to be admitted that political verse, whatever its origin, has a trick of staling, 'even with the swiftness of putting off.' Mr. Saintsbury, ranging the whole field of it, from Skelton to Mr. H. D. Traill, has succeeded in sheaving but the scantest of stooks; and the most of that produces the effect of straw. That this is so is due, perhaps, to an idiosyncrasy of his own: an idiosyncrasy which bids him beware of passion, and be content with humour and wit. 'It may be laid down,' he says—(and you want to know where and of whom he got the privilege)—'that the first object of political verse should be to make the foe ridiculous, and that the making of him detestable should be a secondary and cunningly concealed consequence.' Well, it *may* be so; but if so it be, how is it that *Hudibras* (not represented in Mr. Saintsbury's book) is as dead as most of, if not all, the airy and fanciful and brilliant lampoons of Moore, while the 'characters' of *Absalom and Achitophel*, which are blazing (or appear to be) with contemptuous hate, are very near as living now as they were to the generation to which they were addressed? It were scarce fair, perhaps, to bring *Holy Willie's Prayer* and certain verses of Milton into the field of politics; but it is at least arguable that in both cases politics, or imperial or parochial or ecclesiastical, count for something, and it is certain that—the poetry, the art, being granted—it is the passion, the *saeva indignatio*, which makes them remarkable to-day. Wit and humour, in truth, are the merest will-o'-the-wisps: what is fun to one generation is the deadliest platitude to the next. Much, too much, of Moore is in these days dull beyond recognition. The wit, the invention, the craftmanship, are patent; and yet one would not give his verses on the death of Sheridan, with that other set of stanzas on the Leigh Hunt who wrote of Byron at Venice, for a wilderness of such stuff as Mr. Saintsbury (who 'knows all about it, but never seems to quote up to it') has chosen here; and both these things are touched, each after its kind, with passion. Nay: in this respect there is no worse sufferer at Mr. Saintsbury's hands than Mr. Traill himself. Mr. Traill is the neatest of writers, the cleverest of rhymers, the deftest of caricaturists, the quickest and keenest of them that realise in satirical verse the weak and silly and detestable points of their opposites; and though it is probably a little too lavish (shall we say?) to remark that 'his example has stirred up others' to follow in his footsteps, it is undeniable that he has done, and is doing, excellent work in this particular field. But Mr. Traill himself occasionally drowses—occasionally writes as a pedant for pedants—and then there is no more Traill; and in this trancèd condition it is that, so far as we can judge, he appeals to his present editor. The story of the vagaries of Professor Balloonatics Craniocracs, for example, is meat and drink, no doubt, to anybody that can read it; but who that cannot but laments that there were not substituted therefor a certain magnificent picture of Democracy that Mr. Traill will probably remember? Or, failing that, who but would give ten thousand Professors for one such admirable achievement in political verse as that most excellent picture of the Boer Household, with the slave-catching housefather and the slave-driving house-mother, and that excellent atmosphere of prayer and priggishness and general Gladstonianism? After all, if Mr. Saintsbury choose to put other things forward as good Traill, there is no more to be said. Only—! Only one longs for an hour of a certain *Exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs Relating to the late Times* (1639-1661), were it only for contrast's sake: and inasmuch as Mr. Traill is 'the only one of living men on whom it has seemed to me necessary to draw,' one is moved to regret that 'I' could, or would, not bring myself to decline upon such a magnificent piece of invective as *Cleared* (which, to be sure, is passionate, and therefore not in 'my' line): any more than 'I' could, or would, on such a wholly admirable and delightful piece of humourous extravagance as *The Groves of Hawarden*. True, both these are of the best, but it has not 'seemed to me necessary' to 'draw on' their authors. And, in consequence, a certain anthology is duller and less representative than it need have been.

The truth is, of course, that Mr. Saintsbury could do, these instances apart, no better than he has done. In politics the blood runs high; and in the old days you said what you thought, and the Devil took the hindmost. If you want to know the flavour and the manner of political verse, then do not go to the *Political Verse* of Mr. Saintsbury; for he will show you no more than can be shown with safety to a delicate public. He gives you nothing of David Lyndsay and nothing of the rhymesters of the Rump—to name but these. For both David Lyndsay and these others are unfit for print, and there is the end of the matter. Times have changed, of course; and Mr. Traill, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Graves are as decent as can be. But of old it was not so. And inasmuch as it is always the broadside bard—('We don't want to fight, but by Jingo *if* we do——!')—that reaches the great heart of the People; and inasmuch as, the great heart of the People being nothing if not lewd and gross, the bard of the People must of necessity have been gross and lewd also: it is not by means of these gleanings of Mr. Saintsbury's that you shall get to know much about political verse. For the British Matron is here as elsewhere; and against her what Editor shall prevail?

THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES

THREE ordinances regulating the conditions of graduation in the Scottish Universities have just been issued in their final form by the Commission sitting in Edinburgh. They deal with degrees in Medicine, Arts, and Science. In the main the regulations for graduation in medicine, and even in science, have only a professional and technical interest. The minutiæ of pharmacognosy and the mysteries of vegetable physiology are not the kind of mental stuff on which a man is fed for culture's sake: they belong to the bread-and-butter side of higher education. No doubt the man of lancets must always be as indispensable in social economy as the man of crucibles and miscroscopes has recently become in things industrial. But the familiar instance of the unlettered 'scientist' is proof of the fact that neither medical nor scientific training is in itself adapted to compass the wider ends of education. The bickerings of professional jealousies have given the Medical regulations an importance which does not really belong to them. It is enough to say that they have been framed with a single view to the proficiency of a great and famous school, and with no disposition to yield to the pressure of those ardent reformers who—like so many

of their kind—confound their own interests with the welfare of a public institution.

With the Arts regulations it is different. The Arts Faculty is the true University, the real instrument of academic education. Now, the radical change effected by the new ordinance consists in the introduction of options. Till now the course for an Arts degree in Scotland has been stereotyped. Henceforward the undergraduate will find himself at the very outset face to face with a choice as embarrassing as that of Paris upon Ida. No doubt the rigidity of the old system was a source of weakness, but its admirable composition was its strength. And it is well that the Commissioners, while admitting the principle of options, should have so far preserved the old system as to compel the undergraduate to include in his selection subjects drawn from each one of four wide but distinct departments · ancient literature, modern literature, philosophy, and pure science. There are who think even this moderate restriction too severe; and it can be argued plausibly enough by way of paradox that the Faculty of Arts should include all possible subdivisions of learning. General culture no doubt includes the specialties. But in a question of regulating the education of men on the younger side of their majority it were mere pedantry to urge (as a corollary) that one set of subjects (*e.g.* chosen from one department) is as well adapted as any other (*e.g.* chosen from among several departments) for the purpose of opening the mind to the vast complexity of life, and of informing it with a just sense of the proportion of things.

But while the discretion of the Commissioners is to be commended in this matter, it is difficult to look on these changes without some regret for the old order, and some misgiving as to the results of the new. For, in very truth, these changes have been made to satisfy the demands of a stiff-necked and utilitarian folk. Scholars, whatever else they be, are utilitarians never: the cult of the useless for its own sake is the faith and practice of them all. But the apostles of the New Scholarship, to whose views these changes are a great concession, have very different notions. They carry the economic spirit everywhere—even into the Universities. Scholarship does not pay in Scotland (unless it has been acquired in England, and even then the prizes are few); so they demand that the hall-mark of scholarship (*i.e.* of general culture)—to wit, the M.A. Degree—shall be put within the reach of those who are bent on specialising early. Greek, of course, is sacrificed without ruth: it is henceforth only an option, and ranks cheek by jowl with a motley crowd of 'ologies' and a few fragments of law and divinity. Now, it remains to be seen what advantage Scottish students will actually take of the various combinations and permutations of subjects put before them as alternatives for their Arts degrees; but a glance at the new regulations will show to what a large extent—one-half and more—the degree could be taken in subjects which have hitherto been regarded as belonging to the technical, or even the professional, part of the student's work at college. It must be remembered that the teaching of these subjects is, and must be, specialised. And if the effect of this should be that the real worth of the M.A. as a mark of all-round education should be depreciated, then will these new ordinances be nothing but misfortune.

MODERN MEN

MR. COMMISSIONER KERR

WITHIN a stone's-throw of 'Guildhall's narrow pass' the City Fathers have 'edified' a decent building for the needs of the City of London Court. The thing has already lost its novelty of aspect, for smoke and fog at once imparted an air of antiquity (as to every structure in Babylon), while the tread of human feet has marked, has begun to wear, its corridors and stairs. The court-house is apt enough, but unless you must you are not like to linger there any part of a summer's day. Yet if it be your fancy or your fate to discover how the smaller judicial business is done in the heart of London, a sense of almost ludicrous incongruity shall take you when you consider the manners and the methods of the presiding judge. He sits well within sound of Bow Bells, yet his ways and his accents savour of the rugged North: not so much of the Parliament House as of the streets and wynds that compass it about. Then, at the core of a complex civilisation he dispenses civil justice after the fashion of the Cadi under the Palm, or (to go North again) in the manner of those ancient lairds who used those days they could spare from vexing the flocks and herds of the 'fause Southron' in settling the disagreements of their retainers. Last of all, the method is a success. Mr. Commissioner Kerr has held his position since 1859. He has done his work well; and that work is so peculiar that there would be some difficulty in finding a thoroughly suitable successor. When shall the same be said of the legal *Dii majores*, from the Lord Chancellor down to the newest puisne judge?

The City of London Court is an institution with a long and curious history. That, though, is matter for the antiquary; since for all practical purposes the Court is now a County Court, which species of tribunal has many qualities of interest. Before the lurid horror, the deadly fascination, of certain sorts of crime you are apt to forget how narrow of interest, how stereotyped in form, are most of its varieties. In the High Court, again, the pace (for the rare *cause célèbre* must not mislead us) is slow and the matter mainly technical; but the lower Civil Court so focusses the life of a district that in a few hours' space you shall learn there what are the beliefs, customs, manners, occupations, character, of that district's inhabitants. Here indeed is the raw material of many tragedies, romances, comedies. In the High Court a day's sitting disposes of some five to eight cases; in the busier County Court it is concerned with some hundred. Unfortunately the English judicial system provides not for the promotion of the minor judges. They leave hope behind that accept a seat on these inferior benches; so that rising men are forced to disdain a set of positions that in their own way are desirable enough. Desirable: yes, but how hard to fill! The superior judge has all the assistance that what is called 'the best legal talent' can lend him; while the methodical way in which his cases are threshed out reduces the possibility of error to a minimum. Below there is no time to spare, and the judge is thrown on his own resources. His requirements are a complete and general knowledge of the field of law, and not a perfect acquaintance with one particular angle thereof; a knack of seizing instantly the real points at issue; the ability to make an end with all convenient speed, and to get through his list, neither slurring nor evading. 'Tis perhaps an ideal portrait, but in some ways Mr. Commissioner Kerr might sit for it. He keeps his work well in hand, though his daily list is so large that it would put most judges hopelessly into arrears; yet he so satisfies those whose duty, or their fate, it is

to appear before him, that some that yawn, or curse, or fume, or fret, in those stuffy minor courts which are the shame of London have been heard to long for an hour of Mr. Commissioner Kerr.

And, were this all, he might have passed through life useful and obscure; yet his name is known to thousands who never heard of his judicial superiors. That is because his habit is to interlard his judicial utterances with a running commentary on men and manners which is always piquant and sometimes true. His apophthegms are vastly in request of them that edit evening and Sunday papers. Look at the spare corners of such sheets, and you are tolerably sure to find a paragraph headed 'Mr. Commissioner Kerr on Servants'—or Lords, or Trade, or Marriage, or Anything. More than that: forgetting a certain proverb as to an 'ill bird' and its nest, he is fond of gibing at his profession. Thus, a barrister is brought before him on a judgment summons, and he dismisses the case with the reflection that 'to be a junior member of the junior bar is proof positive of want of means'; or he will cut short a long-winded pleader with a grim 'None of your oratory; come to your facts' (has not Lord Bacon said that 'to moderate length, repetition, or impertinency of speech' is the judge's duty?); or he will grudgingly admit that 'lawyers are necessary evils,' or that 'even solicitors must live': howbeit he is still fonder of animadverting on the all-too natural interest in costs of that much-abused tribe, while the imbecility of legal methods is an ever congenial theme. Such remarks are impertinent in both senses of the term; but they 'fetch' the vulgar. They are cynical, and cynicism has always a surface wisdom of its own. More: they are put tersely and not unimpressively—so that makes them stick in the vacant and half-educated mind; and they deal with subjects of interest to a vast body of people. Still, the popularity of the Cadi, however honourable, is not everything; and in one place the name of this particular Cadi is held in anything but esteem. That place is the Common Law Bench of the Supreme Court. When the decisions of minor tribunals are appealed from, it is desirable to know the facts of the earlier stage; and a brief summary of the evidence and the points at issue taken by the inferior judge is obviously the most satisfactory record. But the Commissioner errs by excess or by defect. He will sign a shorthand record which is far too diffuse, or he will put in a set of notes that are far too meagre and starved. The Divisional Courts are found reflecting on him in most solemn terms, but to no purpose; even the 'dread name' of Mandamus he treats with the scantest respect. It may be want of time, it may be stubbornness, it may be 'I know better,' it may be a blend of all three. But the fact and its inconveniences are there, while the remedy is yet to seek.

He derives his title from his position as occasional judge at the Old Bailey. His summings-up are usually brief enough: 'Gentlemen, you have heard the facts: it is for you to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Consider your verdict.' But in a really complicated and difficult case, he will marshal the issues lucidly, make the necessary comments, and condescend to the necessary detail; whence it sometimes occurs to you that, had he been a little less cross-grained, he might have filled a very different position. Like most Scotsmen, he is a victim of sentiment; and he will give a man six months whom another judge would have given seven years. Such inequalities seem inevitable: you can scarce say that he is wrong; and, if he err, it is on the side of mercy. He has written a fair amount: his edition of *Blackstone* went through several issues; he annotated the *Absconding Debtors Arrest Act* of 1851, and one of the *Common Law Procedure Acts*; his *Action at Law* has still a certain interest for the forms of procedure forty years syne, and is clearly and pithily written besides. He was trained as an advocate, and has thus the advantage of looking at the system he administers from the outside. He contested Peterborough in 1874 and Kilmarnock in 1880; and he failed on both occasions. If his loss were our gain it were ungenerous to assume and tedious to inquire. But it may be suspected that success would probably have made him the Diogenes of the Empire instead of London alone—as now.

THE FAIRY WICKET

FROM digging in the sandy, over-triturated soil of times historical, all dotted with date and number and sign, how exquisite the relief in turning to the dear days outside history—yet not so very far off neither for us nurslings of the northern sun—when kindly beasts would loiter to give counsel by the wayside, and a fortunate encounter with one of the Good People was a surer path to the Bride than the best-worn stool that ever proved step-ladder to aspiring youth! For then the Fairy Wicket stood everywhere ajar—everywhere and to each and all. 'Open, open, green hill!'—you needed no more recondite sesame than that: and, whoever you were, you might catch a glimpse of the elfin dancers in the hall that is litten within by neither sun nor moon; or catch at the white horse's bridle as the Fairy Prince rode through. It has been closed now this many a year (the fairies, always strong in the field, are excellent wicket-keepers); and if it open at all, 'tis but for a moment's mockery of the material generation that so deliberately turned its back on the gap into Elf-Land—that first stage to the Beyond.

It was a wanton trick, though, that these folk of malice used to play on a small school-boy, new kicked out of his nest into the draughty, uncomfortable outer world, his unfledged skin still craving the feathers whereinto he was wont to nestle. The barrack-like school, the arid, cheerless class-rooms, drove him to Nature for redress; and, under an alien sky, he would go forth and wander along the iron road by impassive fields, so like yet so unlike those hitherto a part of him and responding to his every mood. And to him, thus loitering with overladen heart, there would come suddenly a touch of warmth, of strange surprise. The turn of the road just ahead—that, sure, is not all unfamiliar? That row of elms—it cannot entirely be accident that they range just *so*? And, if not accident, then round the bend will come the old duck-pond, the shoulder of the barn will top it, a few yards on will be the gate—it swings-to with its familiar click—the dogs race down the avenue—and then—and then! It is all wildly fanciful; and yet, though knowing not Tertullian, a '*credo quia impossibile*' is on his tongue as he quickens his pace—for what else can he do? A step, and the spell is shattered—all is cruel and alien once more; while every copse and hedge-row seems a-tinkle with faint elfish laughter. The Fairies have had their joke: they have opened the wicket one of their own hand's-breadths, and shut it in their victim's face. When next that victim catches a fairy, he purposes to tie up the brat in sight of his own green hill, and set him to draw up a practical scheme for Village Councils.

One of the many women I ever really loved, fair in the fearless old fashion, was used to sing, in the blithe, unfettered accent of the people: 'I 'd like to be a fairy, And dance upon my toes, I 'd like to be a fairy, And wear short close!' And in later life it is to her sex that the wee (but very wise) folk sometimes delegate their power of torment. Such understudies are found to play the part exceeding well; and many a time the infatuated youth

believes he sees in the depth of one sole pair of eyes—blue, brown, or green (the fairy colour)—the authentic fairy wicket standing ajar: many a time must he hear the quaint old formula, 'I 'm sure, if I 've ever done anything to lead you to think,' etc. (runs it not so?), ere he shall realise that here is the gate upon no magic pleasance but on a cheap suburban villa, banging behind the wrathful rate-collector or hurled open to speed the pallid householder to the Registrar's Office. In still grosser habitations, too, they lurk, do the People of Mischief, ready to frolic out on the unsuspecting one: as in the case, which still haunts my memory, of a certain bottle of an historic Château-Yquem, hued like Venetian glass, odorous as a garden in June. Forth from out the faint perfume of this haunted drink there danced a bevy from Old France, clad in the fashion of Louis-Quinze, peach-coloured knots of ribbon bedizening apple-green velvets, as they moved in stately wise among the roses of the old garden, to the quaint music—(Rameau, I *think*)—of a fairy *cornemuse*, while fairy Watteaus, Fragonards, Lancrets, sat and painted them. Alas! too shallow the bottle, too brief the brawls: not to be recalled by any quantity of Green Chartreuse.

MASHONALAND

THE announcement that the Portuguese Government has agreed to the arrangements for the construction of the Pungwé Railway, though possibly premature, serves to bring Mashonaland once more within the public ken. A year ago the country was in every one's mouth; to-day its repute is somewhat at a discount. And why? Because a vicarious lion-hunter and monotonously cookless tourist has not, in the course of a few months' scamper, succeeded in demonstrating the improbable. When the facts are fairly weighed there is no reason for discouragement because, in Lord Randolph's phrase, 'the great gold-mine has not been discovered.' The area of Mashonaland and Matabeleland is 125,000 square miles (*i.e.* they are about the size of France); prospecting, owing to the wet season and the Portuguese imbroglio, has been in progress for less than six months. Further, it has consisted almost entirely of surface-panning, and crushing has barely begun. Yet to prove a reef you have to sink a shaft over fifty feet. Evidently the land has yet to yield her treasures: more especially as much of the early pioneering has proved labour wholly wasted. The custom was to offer any nigger a blanket if he pointed out one of the prehistoric workings with which the district abounds. But the unknown miners, whom Mr. Theodore Bent is said to identify with the subjects not of King Solomon but of the Queen of Sheba, left sadly little of the precious ore behind them, and 'blanket-claims' have undoubtedly proved a sore disappointment. Still, this much has been established, that Mashonaland is auriferous on the surface in nearly every direction. Distinct fields have been found at Hartley Hill, Lomagunda's, Mazoe, Umtali (the Manica Valley), Kaiser Wilhelm, and Victoria, while an unbroken belt is believed to extend from Umtali to Victoria, and thence south-westward to Tati. In several instances the reefs, when penetrated, do certainly 'pinch out'; but both at Victoria and Tati the metal has already been found in profitable quantities. Now, gold is both capricious and secretive; nearly forty years passed after the *trek* into the Transvaal before any discoveries at all were made, though seekers were not wanting; and even the Langlaagte Farm, within whose small compass lies untold wealth, has actually, in the course of its history, been abandoned by experts for worthless. Clearly, then, the presumption is—not that Mashonaland is barren of fields like the Witwatersrandt but that the balance of evidence is strongly, if not conclusively, in favour of their existence, though the precise latitude and longitude of Tom Tiddler's Ground remain uncertified.

The Company's directors, then, are not over-sanguine when they describe the mining prospects as distinctly encouraging; and gold, if found, will certainly attract agriculture. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer could light upon no rich soil in Mashonaland; but the value of his amateur observations is somewhat discounted by the lie of the road, which has been purposely constructed on the top of the watershed and in avoidance of the valleys. The professional report of farmers is to the contrary; both Boers from the Transvaal and a Dutch deputation from the Cape have made extensive surveys and pronounced much of the land to be suitable to corn-growing and more to pasturage. The tract available for colonisation is said to be 40,000 square miles in extent; and even should this estimate prove exaggerated, there can be no doubt that the country will in a few years be able to support its mining population. The horse-sickness is an obstacle that affects transport rather than cultivation, and many of the fever cases which were thought to prove the highlands uninhabitable during the winter rains are now believed by Dr. Rand to have been contracted in the low country. Mashonaland, in short, offers fair prospects for yeoman and labourer; but Lord Randolph is well within his argument when he states that the territory cannot be regarded as a source for the export of food-stuffs, as a new Queensland or Canada. Such hopes, if they ever existed, are rendered wholly illusory by the mere geographical position.

These considerations naturally lead one to the drawbacks to Mashonaland's development, which are two: want of outlet and the Matabele. Of the latter it is enough to say that, though the Company's position becomes stronger every year, this warlike Zulu race must long prove a standing menace to peaceful settlement. Lobengula, while he lives, is certain himself to keep faith with Mr. Rhodes, and to restrain his indunas. But the King has no son by a royal mother, and his death may open up a period of native turmoil, of which civil war between chief and chief might be the least unfavourable development. And unfortunately no consolation for the raiding propensities of the Matabele is to be found in the unamiable characters of their former victims the Mashona. Arrant thieves, inveterate deserters, the tribe is in such universal disrepute that the correspondent of *The Cape Argus* (whose letters are well worth reading as corrections to Another's) boldly advocates its subjection to slavery, 'in spite of the A.P.S. and Labouchere's sixpenny buster.' You need not write yourself down a thick-and-thin supporter either of the Aborigines Protection Society or of *Truth* for maintaining that the conclusion is wholly inadmissible, and that the black must (as elsewhere) be slowly and painfully educated into morality by punishment for robbery and payment for labour. All the same, he is a nuisance in South Africa, with the possible exception of Zulu and Basuto, concerning whom it has been written: 'Boots and square houses are their ruin.'

More serious is the isolation and dearness of Mashonaland, as caused by the difficulties of communication with the coast and consequent cost of transport. Owing to these circumstances, the pioneers were last year in some straits for provisions—though the degree was exaggerated by the 'bad eggs' who returned broken from the diggings—and during the present season Mr. Rhodes's outlay has been very heavy, since some 3000 mouths have to be fed. The Cape route is impracticable on account of sheer distance: for example, from Vryburg, the present terminus

of the railway, to Mafeking 100 miles, thence to Palapye (Khama's town) 350, to Tuli 150, Victoria 200, Salisbury 180, Umtali 200—in all, over 1000 miles. An alternative line, *viâ* the Zambesi, has, as the readers of Lord Randolph's letters will remember, been explored by Sir John Willoughby: with what result no information is forthcoming. Mr. Selous, however, mightiest of sportsmen and most modest of men, is reported to have pronounced the construction of a road from Hartley Hill to the river an impossibility, and equally impracticable the turning of the rapids near Zumbo. In fact, the only easy ingress and egress are through the heart of Portuguese territory; the distance from Umtali to Beira (in other words, the length of the proposed railway from the Pungwé) being less than three hundred miles. Twelve months ago, and the chances were that the question of outlet would be solved in somewhat energetic fashion. No doubt the Company represented itself as an injured innocent in the matter of the affray at Massikessé and in the affair on the Limpopo. Still, the authorised stories are full of leakages, and the Cape version of the descent upon Colonel d'Andrade and Gouveia—viz. that its *causa causans* was an article in *The Times* on the rupture of the *modus vivendi*—obviously has points. Certain it is that in a leader of October the 16th *does* occur a passage very like that supposed to have been cabled to Capetown, namely: 'Mr. Rhodes is not likely to let such an opportunity go by. Our countrymen are at Mount Hampden,' and so forth. As for the Limpopo business, few of the well-informed would attempt to deny that the *Countess of Carnarvon* was engaged in 'gun-running' to Gungunhana the rebellious, and that the Company's adventurers were lucky to escape with no severer punishment than forcible conveyance to Durban. Be that as it may, the days of international feuds are, thanks in great part to the conciliatory demeanour of the Portuguese officials, of the past. The Lisbon Government is stated to have performed its duty as to the preliminary survey; and now that the Mozambique Company, with English and French capital at its back, has undertaken the construction of the railway, 'Passengers alight here for Fort Salisbury' will speedily be heard in the land. The current anticipation that the line will be finished before the December rains seems over-sanguine; but even should Mr. Bent's guess, that the making will take two years at least, prove correct, the Company will not be ruined thereby. And, with the exception of rough ground between Massikessé and Umtali, the line seems to present but few engineering difficulties, and is especially fortunate in its avoidance of rivers.

So Mashonaland, through its railway and port at Beira, will soon be in touch with the commerce of the Indian Ocean, Zanzibar, and the Canal. Her future, therefore, seems secure, though so long as Mozambique remains Portuguese she must be confined for seaward space and restricted by customs duties. The dream of her well-wishers is that our old ally may be induced, for hard cash, to part with the coveted strip; but, in the present temper of the Cortes, Lusitanian pride gainsays imperatively the replenishment of the Lusitanian pocket. That being the case, 'tis almost waste of words to point out what the cession would mean: how we should gain the splendid harbour of Delagoa Bay—over which under the MacMahon Award we possess rights of pre-emption; how President Kruger and his fellow-citizens would be reduced to their proper status, that of bucolic Plymouth Brethren; how South Africa, with a continuous coast-line from the Orange River to the Zambesi, would be converted from a geographical expression into a compact and organic whole. These things lie upon the knees of the gods; meanwhile Mr. Rhodes has deserved well of his country in that he has saved the vast uplands of the Zambesi from the clutch of German, Boer, and Portuguese, and secured for Britain the grand water-route of the Lakes, if not a thoroughfare 'from Cape to Cairo.'

LLOYD SANDERS.

OBSERVATIONS IN PHILISTIA

I SUPPOSE about the name there is no doubt. For sixty years we have followed that gifted gadabout and gossip, Heine, and called it Philistia. And yet, when one thinks of it, there may have been a mistake after all. Artemus Ward used to say that he had been able, with effort, to comprehend how it was possible to measure the distance between the stars, and even the dimensions and candle-power, so to speak, of those heavenly bodies; what beat him was how astronomers had ever found out their names. So I find myself wondering whether Philistia really is the right name for the land where She must be obeyed.

If so, it is only a little more the region of mysterious paradox and tricksy metamorphosis. We think of it always and from all time as given over to Her rule. We feel in our bones that there was a troglodyte Mrs. Grundy; we imagine to ourselves a British matron contemporary with the cave bear and the woolly elephant. But her very antiquity only makes it more puzzling. There is an old gentleman who always tries to prove to me that the French are really Germans, that the Germans are all Slavs, and that the Russians are strictly Tartars: that is to say, that in keeping count of the races as they swarmed Westward we somehow skipped one, and have been wrong ever since. There must be some such explanation of how the domain which She sways came to be called Philistia. I say this, because the old Philistia was tremendously masculine. It was the Jews who struck the feminine note. They used to swagger no end when they won a victory, and utilise it to the utmost limit of merciless savagery; but when it came their turn to be thrashed they filled the very heavens with complaining clamour. We get no hint that the Philistines ever failed to take their medicine like men. Consider those splendid later Philistines, the Norsemen. In all their martial literature there is no suggestion of a whine. They loved fighting for its own sake; next to braining their foes, they admired being themselves hewn into sections. They never blamed their gods when they had the worst of it. They never insisted that they were always right and their enemies invariably wrong. They cared nothing about all that. They demanded only fun. It was their victims, the Frankish and Irish monks, who shed women's tears and besought Providence to play favourites.

And here is the paradox. The children of these Berserker loins are become the minions of Mrs. Grundy. By some magic she has enshrined Respectability in their temples. In one division of her empire she makes Mr. Helmer drink tea; in another she sets everybody reading the *Buchholz Family*; in her chosen island home her husband on the sunniest Sundays carries an umbrella instead of a walking-stick. Fancy the wild delirium of delight with which the old Philistines would have raided her homestead, chopping down her Robert Elsmeres, impaling her Horsleys, and making the skies lurid with the flames of her semi-detached villa! Yet we call her place Philistia!

I know the villa very well. The title 'Fernbank' is painted on the gate-posts. How well-ordered and comfortable does life beyond those posts remain! Here are no headaches in the morning. Here white-capped domestics move with neat alertness along the avenues of

gentle routine, looking neither to the policeman on the right nor fiery-jacketed Thomas Atkins on the left. Here my friend Mr. Albert Grundy invariably comes home to dinner. Here his daughters—girls of a type with a diminishing upper lip, with sharper chins and greater length of limb than of old—lead deeply washed existences, playing at tennis, smiling in flushed silence at visitors, feeding contentedly upon Mudie's stores, the while their mamma spreads the matrimonial net about the piano or makes tours of inspection among her outlying mantraps on the lawn. Here simpers the innocuous curate; here unexpectedly sighs the maiden aunt; here grandmamma drops enigmatic hints about her will; here Uncle Dudley goes to the stables to smoke; here Lady Willoughby Walloby's card diffuses refinement from the summit of the card-basket in the hall.

To this happy home there came but last week—or was it the week before?—a parcel of books. There were four complete novels in twelve volumes—fruits of that thoughtful arrangement by which the fair reader in Philistia is given three distinct opportunities to decide whether she will read the story through or not. Mrs. Albert is a busy woman, burdened with manifold responsibilities to Church and State, to organised charities, to popularised music, to art-work guilds and the Amalgamated Association of Clear Starchers, not to mention a weather-eye kept at all times upon all unmarried males: but she still finds time to open all these packets of new books herself. On this occasion she gave to her eldest, Ermyntrude, the first volume of *David Grieve*. It doesn't matter what fell to the share of the younger Amy and Floribel. For herself she reserved the three volumes of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*.

She tells me now that words simply can *not* express her thankfulness for having done so. It seems the selection was not entirely accidental. She was attracted, she admits, by the charmingly dainty binding of the volumes, but she was also moved by an instinct, half maternal prescience, half literary recollection. She thought she remembered having seen that name Thomas Hardy before. Where? It came to her like a flash, she says. Only a while ago he had a book called *A Group of Noble Dames*, which she almost made up her mind not to let the girls read at all, but at last, with some misgivings, permitted them to skim hastily, because though the morals were rocky—perhaps that wasn't her word—the society was very good. But this *Tess* had not even that saving feature. Respectable people were only incidentally mentioned in it. Really it was quite *too* low. The chief figure was a farm-girl who for the most part skimmed milk or cut swedes in a field, and at other times behaved in a manner positively unmentionable. Mrs. Albert told me she had locked the volumes up, after only partially perusing them. I might be sure *her* daughters never laid eyes on them. They had gone back to the library, with a note expressing surprise that such immoral books should be sent into any Christian family. What made the matter worse, she went on, was that Ermyntrude read in some paper, at a friend's house, that Mr. Hardy was the greatest of English novelists, and that this *Tess* was a tragic work of the noblest and loftiest order, which dignified the language. She was sure she didn't know what England was coming to, when reporters were allowed to put things like that in the papers. Fortunately she only took in *The Daily Tarradiddle*, which one could always rely upon for sound views, and which gave this unspeakable book precisely the contemptuous little notice it deserved.

It was a relief, however—and here the good matron visibly brightened up—to think that really wholesome and improving novels were still produced. There was that *David Grieve*. Had I read it? Oh, I must lose no time! Perhaps it was not altogether so enchanting as *Robert Elsmere*. True, one of the girls in it worked altar-cloths for a church, and occasionally the other characters broke out into religious conversation; but there were no clergymen to speak of, and the charm of the other's ecclesiastical mysticism was lacking. To be frank, the first and last volumes were just a bit slow. But oh! the lovely second volume! A young Englishman and his sister go to Paris. They stumble right at the start into the most delightful, picturesque, artistic set. Think of it: Henri Regnault is personally introduced, and holds long conversations——

'I met an old friend of Regnault's at the Club the other day,' I interposed, 'who complained bitterly of that. He said it was insufferable impudence to bring him in at all, and still worse to make him talk such blather as is put into his mouth.'

Mrs. Albert sniffed at this Club friend and went on. That Paris part of the book seemed to her to just palpitate with life. It was Paris to the very letter—gay, intellectual, sparkling, and oh! *so* free! The young Englishman at once set up a romantic establishment in the Fontainebleau Forest with a French painter-girl. His sister was almost as promptly debauched by an elderly French sculptor. But you never lost sight of the fact that the author was teaching a valuable moral lesson by all this. Indeed, that whole part of the book was called 'Storm and Stress.' And all the while you saw, too, how innately superior the national character of the young Englishman was to that of the French people about him. One *knew* that in good time *he* would have a moral awakening, and return to England, marry, settle down, and make money in his business. Side by side with this you saw the entire hopelessness of any spiritual regeneration in the French painter-girl or any of her artistic set. And this was shown with such delicate art—it was so *perfect* a picture of the moral contrast between the two nations—that the girls saw it at once.

'Then the girls,' I put in—'that is to say, you didn't lock *this* book up?'

Mrs. Albert lifted her eyebrows at me. 'How do you mean?' she asked. 'Do you know who the author is? The idea! Why, the papers print whole columns about *anything* she writes. *The Daily Tarradiddle* devoted an entire leader to this particular book. I assure you, all my friends are talking of nothing else—many of them people, too, whom you would not suspect of any literary interest whatever, and who *never* read novels as a rule. But they don't regard *this* as a novel. They think of it—I quote Lady Willoughby Walloby's exact words—as an exposition of those Christian principles which make our England what it is.'

HAROLD FREDERIC.

THE WANDERING JEW.—II.

THERE is a great deal more to be said about the perpetual celestial march theory of the Wandering Jew: which theory, of course, primes both the Jerusalem and the Buddhistic origins. To get a fresh start, let us examine the cognate items in the intensely popular and widespread similar Grecian myth of Aristaios, who beyond all doubt was their great divine Bee-Master: that is, the god of the stars of the heavens.

His oldest pedigree made him son of Ouranos, the heavens-god, and his name of course is not a name but an adjectival title—The Best; just a parallel to the Latin Bona Dea (good goddess), which left her real name also taboo or unknown. His supreme rank is also shown by his having been the Zeus of many places. Having lost his Bees (the stars having disappeared in daylight?), he

sacrificed four bulls and four heifers (the number of the cardinal points), and from them (a Samson-myth) issued a swarm of bees, which restored to him what he had lost (the stars reappear at night?). His son was Aktaiôn, the perfect hunter, which calling has its divine rationale, as all the mythic hunts have, in the coursing-ground of the celestial bodies, as especially seen at night. Aristaios visits all countries, as Tommy Moore's moon did all the brooks, and as the Wandering Jew does. He was a (heavens)-mountain-god, and disappeared from that mountain, and was placed by the gods among the stars of heaven (which is mere surplusage); and he was, oddly enough, worshipped notably in Sicily, where alone our *Arri*Buttadeu turns up; and this odd name may thus contain a reminiscence of him At all events, the similarity and the *locus in quo* are not to be despised; though one needs not go so far as to suppose that the fractions ari- and arri- and âdh- (of ÂdhiBuddha) are all reducible to a common denominator. It may be worth noting that neighbouring Naples produced coins bearing the head of Aristaios.

There need be little doubt that we have the same myth cropping up in Herodotus, where Aristeas, inferior to none, died in the shop of a tanner at Kuzikos (Cyzicum), disappeared as to his corpse, and was spoken soon afterwards, alive and well, walking thence to Artakê. Seven years later he proved his existence by making Arimaspian verses at Prokonnêsos, and again disappeared. (To follow up the Arimaspoi cyclopes which here interrupt the connection.) 'So do these towns relate,' says Herodotus; 'but when I was at Metapontiôn in Italy [Naples, again] three hundred and forty years after the second disappearance [and some four hundred and fifty years B.C.] I heard tell of similar matters.' Aristeas had reappeared there—when is not stated—and told the people to erect an altar to Apollo (who, by a minor pedigree, was father to Aristaios), and another near-by to himself, who for the nonce (he said) was called Aristeas, but had previously come down from heaven as a raven or crow (which also invites commentary) with Apollo. And at that instant he again disappeared. This doubtless was then quite as good patter as the later Wandering Jew's; or better, for the townspeople took the opinion of the Delphian oracle, and thereupon put up an altar and a statue, which Herodotus saw, as above. (Plutarch and Hesychius also mention the dying and coming to life of an Aristeas, which may give us, altogether, some half-dozen of these mythic personages or impostors.) As we are now following up the trail of a celestial explanation of the parent myth, it is not at all idle to take up a wondrous tale, and posit the possibility of all these long periods of disappearance having originated in the distant recurrence of great Comets. Take the case of Johannes de Temporibus, whose name is patently chronological, and whose 'period' was 333 or 341 or 361 years; or that of Richard, who was apparently the same as Buttadaeus, and had an interval of 400. The Armenian porter of Pilate, Cartaphilus or Chartophylax, rebecomes young every hundred years. All *beuveurs très-précieux* know (or knew) what comet-port was like, and it is consonant with this comet-hypothesis that Aristaios was the god of hot summers and good harvests.

It is strange (while we are dealing with this branch of the case) how little we hear of comets, as such, in Grecian mythology. May not the conclusion be that they had god-names which help to put us off the scent? Take for an example PtereLaos, whom Poseidôn made immortal by the gift of golden hair. Although his name simply reads Winged-Stone, and he ought therefore to have been a mere aërolite or meteor, or '*baitulios* (of Damascius) flying in the heavens,' his immortality, gained in his course through the universe-ocean (of Poseidôn), seems to make him a recurrent, resurgent comet. At all events his daughter was Komaitho, which fact might have enabled some *vir clarissimus* to have seen long ago that comets are made by meteorites. PtereLaos, like the immortal Shagpat, had an Identical, which was pulled out treasonably by his own daughter; and there was an end of him, for that time at all events. Comets, too, have been known to lose their tails ere now. The besieged Taphos, that could not be taken so long as PtereLaos lived, may very well be the heavens-mountain, *tapho*, defended in this war-in-heaven by such projectiles as the winged or feathered stones; and this part of the myth may have had to do with the great showers of meteors which just now take place in our August and November, and are periodical and cometic. Further, Komêtos was the father of Asterios the argonaut (that is, the sailer in the barque of the heavens); wherein if one chose to see the meteoro-cometic origin of star-suns, who now need trouble to gainsay it? Komêtos was also, naturally—and it is a confirmation of my expoundings—in the celestial hunt of the Boar of Kalydôn. The myth of Nisos (spun, recurrent, *neomai*) is a replica of the PtereLaos fable. And I further most decidedly claim a supporter of the rotating-heavens theory in the Jew Malchus or Malch, who struck Christ with 'an iron glove,' and was condemned to abide under the earth—that is, in the infernal hemisphere—turning for ever and ever round a pillar, which is of course the Universe-axis.

To leave the comets and return to our last, it may prove significant enough for my purpose that the Wandering Jew Ahasuerus was, as the legends declare, a cobbler by trade. For, as I have already tried to show, in demonstrating the celestial origin of the Shoes of Swiftness worn by the unhalting heavens-gods (*National Observer*, 31st October 1891), the Roman Apollo-Sandaliarius was so-called from the walking-round of the heavens; and the cobblers came to his idol there as to their patron, instead of the god taking his name from those snobs: as is indeed their Anglo-Scandinavian name. (Remember, too, that Apollo was father to Aristaios.)

Another point (made by Paulus Cassel in his *Sage vom ewigen Juden*, 1885) is that the French Wandering Jew's name Isaac Laquedem (said to be corrupted from Lakedion), if Hebraic, may come from *halakh*=to walk; but the Greek *lax*, and our own lackey (*laquais*) and leg are equally good to stand upon. I might even cite Artemis Podagra to appear, the Lakônikan goddess, and recall that *lakôniké* was a kind of shoe—which opens up a long vista of other sandal-gods and men. In the twentieth chapter of the Korán the Jew Al Sâmeri—Selden said he was Aaron (=mountain) himself, which Sale did not contradict—makes the golden calf, endows it with life by means of dust from the *footprints* of Gabriel's horse, and is thereafter condemned to be untouched for ever by any mortal.

Gregory and Krantz are of course other names of other Wandering Jews. Paulus Cassel says Ahasuerus is one of the two celestial beasts of *Revelations*, while Gregory (in Greek) means 'unsleeping'; which to me conveys the *nunquam dormio* of the Eye of Heaven. It might also have to do with *grex*, the flock of the spherical heavens. Krantz he very properly connected with the migratory crane; and I shall add-on that in Welsh it also (*garan*) means the shin-bone; so that Krantz would be a mere equivalent of our 'Shanks's mare.' The crane and stork are the symbols of longevity in the Asiatic East; and Buddha and the *rishis* sail through the sky on them in devotional pictures.

And, to bring my pedestrian Muse to a halt, not the least remarkable name of all is the constantly repeated Iohannes, Jean, Jehan, Ioannes, Giovanni, Johanni, which connects itself on one side with the divine jinni of the Moslems, Jân ibn Jân, and on another with Iahio—St.

John, in point of fact—son of a divine father, and the supreme legislator of the Subbas of Mesopotamia, who place him above Christ.

I think it may safely be said, after all these considerations, that it is no explanation to say that the Wandering Jew is a mere mythic personification of secular wandering Jewry.

JOHN O'NEILL.

THE STONE

THE Stone hung on a jutting crag of Purple Hill. On one side of it, far beneath, lay the village huddled together, as if, through being close compacted, its handful of humanity should not be a mere dust in the balance beside Nature's portentousness. Yet if one stood beside The Stone, and looked down, the flimsy wooden huts looked like a little barrier at the end of a great flume. For the hill hollowed and narrowed from The Stone to the village, as if giants had made this concave path by trundling boulders to that point like a funnel where the miners' houses now formed a *cul-de-sac*. On the other side of the crag was a valley also; but it was lonely and untenanted; and at one flank of The Stone were serried legions of trees.

The Stone was a mighty and wonderful thing. Looked at from the village direct, it had nothing but the sky for a background. At times, also, it appeared to rest on nothing; and many declared that they could see clean between it and the oval floor of the crag on which it rested. That was generally in the evening, when the sun was setting behind it. Then the light coiled round its base, between it and its pedestal, thus making it appear to hover above the hill-point, or, planet-like, to be just settling on it. At other times, when the light was perfectly clear and not too strong, and the village side of the crag was brighter than the other, more accurate relations of The Stone to its pedestal could be discovered. Then one would say that it balanced on a tiny base, a toe of granite. But if one looked long, especially in the summer, when the air throbbed, it evidently rocked upon that toe; if one looked very long, he grew tremulous, perhaps adread. Once, a woman who was about to become a mother went mad, because she thought The Stone would hurtle down the hill at her great moment and destroy her and her child. Indians would not live either on the village side of The Stone or in the valley beyond. They had a legend that, some day, one whom they called The Man Who Sleeps would rise from his hidden couch in the mountains, and, being angry that any dared to cumber his play-ground, would hurl The Stone upon them that dwelt at Purple Hill. But white men pay little heed to Indian legends.

At one time or another every one who had come to the village visited The Stone. Colossal as it was, the real base on which its weight rested was actually very small: the view from the village had not been all deceitful. It is possible, indeed, that at one time it had really rocked, and that the rocking had worn for it a shallow cup, or socket, in which it poised. The first man who came to Purple Valley prospecting had often stopped his work and looked at The Stone in a half-dread that it would spring upon him unawares. And yet he had as often laughed at himself for doing so, since, as he said, it must have been there hundreds of thousands of years. Strangers, when they came to the village, went to sleep somewhat fearfully the first night of their stay, and not infrequently left their beds to go and look at The Stone, as it hung there ominously in the light of the moon; or listened towards it if it was dark. When the moon rose late, and The Stone chanced to be directly in front of it, a black sphere seemed to be rolling into the light to blot it out.

But none who lived in the village looked upon The Stone in quite the same fashion as did that first man who had come to the valley. He had seen it through three changing seasons, with no human being near him, and only occasionally a shy, wandering elk, or a cloud of wild ducks whirring down the pass, to share his companionship with it. Once he had waked in the early morning, and, possessed of a strange feeling, had gone out to look at The Stone. There, perched upon it, was an eagle; and though he said to himself that an eagle's weight was to The Stone as a feather upon the world, he kept his face turned towards it all day; for all day the eagle stayed. He was a man of great stature and immense strength. The thews of his limbs stood out like soft, unbreakable steel. Yet, as if to cast derision on his strength and great proportions, God or Fate turned his bread to ashes, gave failure into his hands where he hugely grasped at fortune, and hung him about with misery. He discovered gold, but others gathered it in. It was his daughter that went mad and gave birth to a dead child in fearsome thought of The Stone. Once, when he had gone over the hills to another mining field, and had been prevented from coming back by unexpected and heavy snows, his wife was taken ill, and died alone of starvation because none in the village remembered of her and her needs. Again, one wild night, long after, his only son was taken from his bed and lynched for a crime that was none of his, as was discovered by his murderers next day. Then they killed horribly the real criminal, and offered the father such satisfaction as they could. They said that any one of them was ready there to be killed by him; and they threw a weapon at his feet. At this he stood looking upon them for a moment, his great breast heaving and his eyes glowering; but presently he reached out his arms and, taking two of them by the throat, brought their heads together heavily, breaking their skulls; and with a cry in his throat like a wounded animal, left them, and entered the village no more. But it became known that he had built a rude hut on Purple Hill, and that he had been seen standing beside The Stone or sitting among the boulders below it, with his face bent upon the village. Those who had come near to him said that he had greatly changed; that his hair and beard had grown long and strong, and, in effect, that he looked like some rugged fragment of an antique world.

The time came when they associated The Man with The Stone: they grew to speak of him simply as The Man. There was something natural and apt in the association. Then they avoided these two singular dwellers on the height. What had happened to The Man when he lived in the village became almost as great a legend as the Indian legend concerning The Stone. In the minds of the people one seemed as old as the other. Women who knew the awful disasters that had befallen The Man brooded at times most timidly, regarding him as they did at first—and even still—The Stone. Women who carried life unborn about with them had a strange dread of both The Stone and The Man. Time passed on, and the feeling grew that The Man's grief must be a terrible thing since he lived alone with The Stone and God. But this did not prevent the men of the village from digging gold, drinking liquor, and doing many kinds of evil. One day, again, they did an unjust and cruel thing. They took Pierre, a gambler, whom they had at first sought to vanquish at his own art, and, possessed suddenly of the high duty of citizenship, carried him to the edge of a hill and dropped him over, thinking thereby to give him a quick death, while the

vultures would provide him a tomb. But Pierre was not killed, though to his grave—unprepared as yet—he would bear an arm which should never be lifted higher than his breast. When he waked from the crashing gloom which succeeded the fall, he was in the presence of a being whose appearance was awesome and massive—an outlawed god: whose hair and beard were white, whose eye was piercing, absorbing, painful, in the long perspective of its woe. This being sat with his great hand clasped to the side of his head. The beginning of his look was the village, and—though the vision seemed infinite—the village was the end of it too. Pierre, looking through the doorway beside which he lay, drew in his breath sharply, for it seemed at first as if The Man was an unnatural fancy and not a thing. Behind The Man was The Stone, which was not more motionless nor more full of age than this its comrade. Indeed, The Stone seemed more a thing of life as it poised above the hill: The Man was sculptured rock. His white hair was chiseled on his broad brow, his face was an everlasting pathos petrified, his lips were curled with an iron contempt, an incalculable anger.

The sun went down, and darkness gathered about The Man. Pierre reached out his hand, and drank the water and ate the coarse bread that had been put near him. He guessed that trees or protruding ledges had broken his fall, and that he had been rescued and brought here. As he lay thinking, The Man entered the doorway, stooping much to do so. With flints he lighted a wick that hung from a wooden bowl of bear's oil; then kneeling, held it above his head, and looked at Pierre. And Pierre, who had never feared any one, shrank from the look in The Man's eyes. But when The Man saw that Pierre was awake, a distant kindness came upon his face, and he nodded gravely; but he did not speak. Presently a great tremor as of pain shook all his limbs, and he set the candle on the ground, and with his stalwart hands arranged afresh the bandages about Pierre's injured arm and leg. Pierre spoke at last.

'You are The Man?' he said.

The other bowed his head.

'You saved me from those devils in the valley?' A look of impregnable hardness came into The Man's face, but he pressed Pierre's hand for answer; and though the pressure was meant to be gentle, Pierre winced painfully. The candle spluttered, and the hut filled with a sickly smoke. The Man brought some bear skins and covered the sufferer, for, the season being autumn, the night was cold. Pierre, who had thus spent his first sane and conscious hour in many days, fell asleep. What time it was when he waked he was not sure, but it was to hear a metallic *click-click* come to him through the clear air of night. It was a pleasant noise as of steel and rock: the work of some lonely stone-cutter of the hills. The sound reached him with strange, increasing distinctness. Was this Titan that had saved him sculpturing some figure of the metal hill? *Click-click!* it vibrated as regularly as the keen pulse of a watch. He lay and wondered for a long time, but fell asleep again; and the steely iteration went on in his dreams.

In the morning The Man came to him, and cared for his hurts, and gave him food; but still would speak no word. He was gone nearly all day in the hills; yet when evening came he sought the place where Pierre had seen him the night before, and the same weird scene was re-enacted. And again in the night the clicking sound went on; and every night it was renewed. Pierre grew stronger, and could, with difficulty, stand upon his feet. One night he crept out, and made his way softly, slowly, towards the sound. He saw The Man kneeling beside The Stone, he saw a hammer rise and fall upon a chisel: and the chisel was at the base of The Stone. The hammer rose and fell with perfect but dreadful precision. Pierre turned and looked towards the village below, whose lights were burning like a bunch of fire-flies in the gloom. Again he looked at The Stone and The Man.

Then the thing came to him sharply. The Man was chiseling away the socket of The Stone, bringing it to that point of balance where the touch of a finger, the wing of a bird, or the whistle of a north-west wind would send it down upon the offending and unsuspecting village.

The thought held him paralysed. The Man had nursed his revenge long past the thought of its probability by the people beneath. He had at first sat and watched the village, hated, and mused dreadfully upon the thing he had determined to do. Then he had worked a little, afterwards more, and now, lastly, since he had seen what they had done to Pierre, with the hot but firm eagerness of an avenging giant. Pierre had done some sad deeds in his time, and had tasted some sweet revenges, but nothing like to this had ever entered his brain. In that village were men who—(as they thought)—had cast him to a death fit only for a coward or a cur. Well, here was the most exquisite retaliation. Though his hand should not be in the thing, he could still be the cynical and approving spectator.

But yet: had all those people hovering about those lights below done harm to him? He thought there was a few—and they were women—who would not have followed his tumbril to his death with cries of execration. The rest would have done so, most of them did so, not because he was criminal but because he was a victim, and because human nature as it is thirsts inordinately at times for blood and sacrifice—a living strain of the old barbaric instinct. He remembered that most of these people were concerned in having injured The Man. The few good women there had vile husbands; the few pardonable men had hateful wives: the village of Purple Hill was an ill affair.

He thought: now doubtfully, now savagely, now with irony.

The hammer and steel clicked on.

He looked at the lights of the village again.

Suddenly there came to his mind the words of a great man who sought to save a city manifold centuries ago. He was not sure that he wished to save this village; but there was a grim, almost grotesque, fitness in the thing that he now intended. He spoke out clearly through the night:

'"*Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten righteous shall be found there.*"'

The hammer stopped. There was a silence, in which the pines sighed lightly. Then, as if speaking was a labour, The Man replied in a deep, harsh voice:

'I will not spare it for ten's sake.'

Again there was a silence, in which Pierre felt his maimed body bend beneath him; but presently the voice said, '*Now!*'

At this the moon swung from behind a cloud. The Man stood beside The Stone. His hand was raised to it. There was a moment's pause—it seemed like years to Pierre; a wind came softly crying out of the west, the moon hurried behind a cloud, and then a monster sprang from its pedestal upon Purple Hill, and with a sound of thunder and an awful speed raced upon the village below.

And Pierre saw the lights go out.

The moon shone out again for an instant, and Pierre saw that The Man stood where The Stone had been; but when he reached the place The Man was gone. For ever.

GILBERT PARKER.

A LONDON AFTERNOON

DOWN through the ancient Strand
The Spirit of October, mild and boon
And sauntering, takes his way
This golden end of afternoon,
As the tall corn stood yellow in all the land
And the ripe apples dropped to the harvest-moon.

Lo ! the round sun, half down the western slope—
Seen as you saw him along a telescope—
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day :
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street
And its abounding confluences of being
With aspects generous and bland :
Making a thousand harnesses to shine
As with new ore from some enchanted mine,
And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,
And never a hansom but is worth the feeing ;
And every jeweller within the pale
Offers a true Arabian Night for sale ;
And even the roar
Of the strong streams of toil that pause and pour
Eastward and westward sounds suffused—
Seems as it were bemused
And blurred, and like the speech
Of lazy seas upon a lotus-eating beach—
With this delicious lustrousness,
This mellow magic, that, as a man's caress
Brings back to some ashen face beloved before
A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech,
Old things transfigures, and you hail and bless
Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once more :
Till the sedate and mannered elegance
Of Clement's is all tinctured with romance ;
And the fantastical yet formal charm
Of Bride's, that madrigal in stone,
Glows flushed and warm
And beauteous with a beauty not its own ;
And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can be !

For earth and sky and air
Are golden everywhere,
And golden with a gold so suave and fine
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.
Trafalgar Square
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)
Glows like an angel-market. High aloft,
Over his couchant Lions, in a haze
Shimmering and bland and soft,
A dust of chrysoprase,
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.
The dingy domelets on the picture-place,
Turned very nearly bright
(As each had washed his idiot face),
Appear not all a scandal to the ground.
The very blind man pottering on the kerb,
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers
And the rude voices touched with all the weathers
Of all the varying year,
Shares in the universal alms of light.
The windows, with their fleeting, flashing fires,
The height and width of frontage shining sheer,
The gleaming signs, the rejoicing roofs and spires—
'Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain !
The Golden City ! And when a girl goes by,
Look ! as she turns her glancing head,
A call of gold is floated from her ear.
Golden, all golden ! In a golden glory,
Long-lapsing down a golden shadowed sky,
The day not dies but seems
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed
Upon a past of golden song and story
And memories of gold and golden dreams.

W. E. HENLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ART OF TUBBING

[To the Editor of *The National Observer*]

Shorncliffe, 15th February 1892.

SIR,—Your attack on the British morning tub seems to be looked on in the light of sacrilege. To the average Briton the morning cold tub is a Fetish, before whom he cheerfully sacrifices his shivering body of mornings—upheld by the belief that this is a Fetish of respectable antiquity, whose virtues shone conspicuous at Agincourt and triumphed at Waterloo.

The readiness with which this belief has gained credence is striking evidence of that insular sentiment which prides itself so loudly on not being as other men—especially 'as this unwashen Tartar.' Now, it may well be doubted an the jubilee of our Fetish be not yet to celebrate. The cold tub, so insufficient as a means of cleanliness, so unsuited to the most of our climate, came, like all civilisation, from the East. Our Fetish is a gift from 'India, the grim stepmother of our kind,' and the spread of his worship among the British 'classes' coincided with the opening-up of communications with India : that is, with the discovery of the Overland Route. The foot-pan still lingers in old country-houses, silent witness to how short a time has passed since it reigned supreme within doors, as the sole method of bodily cleanliness to England's best and bravest. But the silence of literature, and especially of fiction, upon the subject, is still more convincing evidence of the fact that our grandfathers did not 'tub.' Should you find room for this letter, I hope that some of your readers who have libraries and leisure will go into the subject and try to find the earliest mention in literature of the habit of cold tubbing as practised in England. I shall be agreeably surprised if it is earlier than 1840.

I have no wish to attack the institution in general—it is, perhaps, good for our moral fibre to suffer and be strong ; and what connection it may have with the decimation of the upper classes by influenza let the doctors decide. It is a pleasant and refreshing thing—in summer ; but for cleanliness the usefulness thereof does not extend much further than the Tropic. In temperate climes hot water, and hot water alone, will serve, as the clean nations of the North—the Japanese and the Scandinavians—know well. Would we follow in their footsteps, we might some day become a clean nation. 'What ! learn to wash from "dirty foreigners,"?' saith your Briton. 'Impossible!'—I am, etc.,

FAR EAST.

OPEN-AIR ENCAMPMENTS

[To the Editor of *The National Observer*]

16th February 1892.

SIR,—As you have often pointed out, we are fallen upon a sick and effeminate age when the *dilettante* stalks through the land in a velvet coat practising amateur photography and writing upon Art—confounding the twain ; days wherein the soft-limbed sit at home and write polished verses on nothing—verselets to be printed on hand-made paper, bound in vellum, and forgotten ; an epoch in which the 'critic' instructs the worker to achieve that himself is incapable of producing. And yet on taking thought all shall be well : and that pest the amateur photographer shall wither away, and his velvet coat alone remain to posterity ; and the minor poet shall be known only to the seeker of statistics for a history of the evolution of the common fool, and the 'critic' shall be an authority unto himself—for mayhap

he may attempt to make that he so glibly instructs others to produce. Then we shall have the only true critic left—critics who are themselves creators, such as Mr. Whistler and the late Mr. Arnold.

And how is this millennium to be brought about? A suggestion towards such an end shall be my task. A healthy mind is to be found only in a healthy body: to the body, then, must the first treatment be applied. There are various valuable sports for the manly in existence already, but they do not appeal to a vast crowd of our leisured population: for them other methods are required. Their soft and sluggish bodies must be inured slowly to the hardships of sport; their shins braced ready for the football field. How shall this end be accomplished? As a step in the right direction I would suggest the formation of a 'Camping-out Company'; an enterprise to be based first on business grounds—for such companies, if well conducted, would pay good dividends, as the enterprising would speedily find. But our task is with the work after the Camps are formed—to financiers be the formation. A mountainous district should be chosen for the site, so that all goings and comings would entail severe exercise: lowlands encourage laziness. There are desirable shootings in Scotland, England, and Wales that would just answer the purpose. Every one should live under canvas—the Camp being in charge of sergeants, retired army men.

And now for the tuition—which would be the all-important matter. There are hundreds—nay, thousands—of young men who are anxious to learn riding, shooting, and other country sports, and yet are unable to do so in towns for various reasons. In the camps there should be good teachers of (1) riding and driving; (2) fishing; (3) shooting; (4) golf; and (5) boxing, singlestick, and foils.

Various other sport classes could be organised, but there should be no prize competitions—no vanity-encouraging 'pot-hunts.' The classes might be held at regular hours, and any truants ejected: for there should be a sensible discipline in Camp. Horses could be kept, and paper-chases organised: indeed, the development of details would soon suggest themselves to the promoters. *But all intellectual pursuits should be forbidden*; the manufacture of prigs goes on apace elsewhere—at University Extension Lectures, Art Schools, etc. etc.—and the true student loves to pursue his studies according to his whim. Not a camera, not a minor poet, never a 'critic,' should be tolerated; in short, an amateur 'artist' of any kind should be taboo.

The Camp might be opened on April 1st, and the canvas kept standing until October 1st, candidates for admission being required to join for a minimum time. For hardier souls winter camps or huts in the mountains might be instituted, where skating, snow-shoeing, ski-running, and various other sports could be practised, and *men* produced with bravery and love in their hearts, generosity, truth, and reticence on their tongues, and sense in their heads.—I am etc., PLEIN AIR.

MR. WILKINS'S BOOK

[To the Editor of *The National Observer*]

18 *Bury Street, London, W.C., 17th Feb.* 1892.

SIR,—With reference to the letter of 'A London Journalist' in your last week's issue, we are sure that we express Mr. Wilkins's feelings as well as our own in saying that we deeply regret that he has incorporated in his book without due acknowledgment work that had appeared elsewhere. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilkins is at present out of town, and we are unable to communicate with him; but we have decided to recall the book, to cancel the offending passages, and to reprint as far as is necessary.—Thanking you, we are, etc.,

METHUEN AND CO.

REVIEWS

A VARIETY SHOW

Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art. By ANDRÉ THEURIET. London: Unwin.

Jules Bastien-Lepage died but a little while before his influence and reputation. A short decade of years since he was still a Messiah, with a score of eager evangelists to preach his gospel. The tragedy of his untimely death (concerning which we trust M. Theuriet has written the last word) quickened the public interest and revived the respect of the schools. But sentimentality and inapposite patriotism are not evergreen; and at the exhibition of 1889 Bastien-Lepage, being contrasted with the great masters of modern France, revealed even to the more candid of his admirers how common his feelings, how inartistic his method. Never was a painter more effectually killed by kindness. His works were assigned the best places and set in august company. Side by side with that monument of misdirected talent, the *Jeanne d'Arc*, hung Courbet's *Casseurs des Pierres*. The one was large in its simplicity: the painter knew precisely what effect he wanted to produce, and forebore to crowd his canvas with proofs of microscopic observation; if you carried away from it no sustenance for a weary spirit, you might at least preserve the memory of a deliberate composition, a dignified arrangement of lines. Far other was the impression produced by the *Jeanne d'Arc*, whose realism seemed as genuine as the shorthand clerk's. The odious comparison forced you to the conviction that nothing was deliberate save the shadow-voices, whose significance the artist himself can scarce have understood. The Maid was but a portrait, literally snatched, of a modern peasant; the background composed itself as well as Nature would let it; the foreground was thick-inlaid with an infinite and painful superfluity of facts; the technique was cheap and undistinguished; the whole thing was steeped in a middle-class sentiment which had spoilt a far more artistic piece of work; in short, at a dozen paces it was beaten out of existence by its restrained and less elaborate neighbour. Still more cruel was the treatment meted out to the portraits. How indeed could they hope to hold their own in the neighbourhood of Manet's masterpieces? Even the *Grandfather* and *la Communiante* found the level which befits meritorious and uninspired research, and in this way the repute of Bastien-Lepage was proclaimed the offspring not of sound judgment or æsthetic conviction but of kindly sympathy and ill-directed enthusiasm.

However, there are those to whom he is a fetish still; and this large, unsightly volume, of divided responsibility, contains enough blather to furnish forth a library of art-criticism. M. André Theuriet, who is responsible for the memoir, informs us that the 'heavy soil' of the department of the Meuse—his own and Bastien's—'takes a rest for a few centuries' after it has produced an artist. Himself no doubt was born in one of these periods of repose; at any rate the nobility of his soul has completely eclipsed his appreciation of art. His biography, like so many of its hero's works, is an agglomeration of unessentials. You learn, for instance, that he (the biographer) was introduced to Bastien-Lepage by a common friend at the Salon; that 'after two or three meetings they entered upon a close friendship'; that on a walking tour Bastien deafened the party 'with scraps of *café-concert* songs'; that once at Suresnes Bastien saw a blind man and a girl, and remarked, 'How I should like to paint that child!'—and so on, and so on; indeed, there is no end to the irrelevancies which serve to pad out the meagre record of the painter's life. Scarce an intelligent word is wasted upon his art; a dozen familiar pictures are described in the orthodox fashion of the gentleman who 'does the galleries'; the sentiment of the country and the love of home, which M. Theuriet deems Bastien's most obvious characteristics, suggest pages of 'copy,' which, however elegant in French, is merely intolerable in kitchen English. Of the painter's malady and early decline you are not spared a single detail; and the last chapter is calculated to wring tears from the most callous. And then M. Theuriet makes his bow, and quits the stage with a touching reference to 'the Beautiful' and Immortality.

The book, in truth, is a variety show, and Mr. George Clausen 'does the second turn.' A professed admirer and disciple, he is a loyal champion of his master. He applauds Bastien's 'simple acceptance of Nature' and 'impartial attitude towards his model.' (But these qualities are insufficient to make an artist.) He proceeds to confess that Bastien's merit depends partly upon subject and the realisation of character, and presently asserts that, for him, 'the interest centres in the individual'—that 'his pictures become portraits.' Have we not here a vindication of the studio-picture? A painter plans a composition—*Jeanne d'Arc*, for instance—and straightway sits

down in front of a model; and hereon, knowing his own intention but vaguely, and but dimly realising the proper sequence of his lines, he patiently and conscientiously forgets his purpose, and produces, after the habit of the pot-boiler, a faithful portrait of his model. Thus the painter greedy of Academic honours. But does the artist bow so readily to facts? Shall the poet permit the encyclopædia to select and arrange the material of his drama? And shall we never make up our minds that truth has as little to do with art as turnip-tops? Even Mr. Clausen has his doubts of Bastien's perfection. With a sort of sadness he confesses that 'it is apparently impossible to get both truth of impression and of detail'; nor does it shame him to admit that Bastien's 'love of beauty'—a love that was ever most coyly concealed—'goes hand in hand with a psychological, or even pathological, interest.' What commerce has the artist with pathology? You have but to visit the Luxembourg Gallery, and to gaze upon a certain sentimental enormity enshrined therein, to convince yourself that, apart from pathological interest, Bastien had a sincere delight in sheer ugliness of pose and arrangement: that, at times, it pleased him to exaggerate the brutality of his models with the true naturalistic contempt of proportion. However, Mr. Clausen's loyalty does not blind him, and in the end he so far recants as to allow that 'realism, as an end in art, leads nowhere.'

Mr. Sickert takes the third 'turn,' forcibly and concisely contradicting the theory and sentiment of his predecessors. For him Bastien-Lepage is an inveterate *salonnier* and his pictures mere *machins*. He protests that photographic accuracy is no more the painter's affair than is stenography the end and purpose of literature. At his best Lepage is but a 'meritorious workman,' and to compare his clumsy performances, with their dull, uninspired handling and their indubitable faculty of struggling for life in an exhibition—*les Foins*, says the impassioned M. Theuriet, 'had the effect of a large open window' in the Salon—to the works of such artists as Rembrandt is to join 'the gigantic conspiracy of toleration.' In truth, the critics who display a mild approval of whatever in the shape of painted canvas floats into their ken are guilty of shameless and inappreciative dilettantism. In spite of Mr. Clausen, it should be as impossible to admire at once *Jeanne d'Arc* and *The Syndics* as to serve God and Mammon. And Mr. Sickert, in stating the case bluntly and reasonably, provides the best possible antidote for the bland heresies of his collaborators. As for Miss Blind, who concludes the entertainment with a panegyric of Marie Bashkirtseff, she surpasses even M. Theuriet in noxious sentimentality. Why in the world a life of Bastien-Lepage should be thus sufflaminated is the publisher's secret. We can imagine nothing more indiscreet, nothing more compromising, than this coupling in death of the unhappy painter and his still more unfortunate adorer. Biography becomes indecent and ridiculous when appendices are reserved for the record of broken hearts. And Miss Blind's essay is beneath criticism. Had she chosen to speak of Marie Bashkirtseff as the author of the famous *Journal*, there had been some small excuse for her 'copy.' But when she seriously discusses the poor girl's childish attempts to paint, and even catalogues her hundred and fifty 'works,' she does her memory a flagrant injustice. Marie Bashkirtseff was an amateur, who practised painting because she craved advertisement, and who hoodwinked the French authorities to such purpose that two of her works were purchased by the Government. Had she lived to a green old age, she had never ceased to be an amateur with a talent for 'nobbling,' and no end is served, now that she is dead and the world has read her own confessions, by vamping her a spurious reputation. However, the volume contains a mass of confused entertainment, although to regard it as a serious contribution to the literature of art were folly.

THE COMPLEAT RATTER

Studies in the Art of Rat-catching: A Manual for Schools. By H. C. Barkley. London: Murray.

Ever and anon the anxious Parent whose quiver (to use the scripture metaphor) is full, but whose blessing thereon is still to seek, is conscious of new hope. A profession has been discovered, and Jack and Tom and Harry (whose appetite leaves nothing, whose brains leave everything, to be desired) will soon be earning their own living. Once it was cattle-ranching; when the ingenious cow-puncher had the best of times in pocketing the capital of ingenuous youth and setting it to tasks disdained of English Hodge. Then it was ostrich-farming at the Cape; when, though the parent 'tumbled' to the idea, the ostriches themselves did not, for were there not limits even to their stupidity? Again, a merry man (waggish albeit an editor) suggested journalism: waxing eloquent as he told of the leader-writer's profits, and hinted how vastly demand exceeded supply. Mr. Barkley's proposition seems stranger still. 'You don't know what to do with your sons?' he says. 'Why then, make rat-catchers of them'; and, anticipating the time when the matter will be held essential to a liberal education, he has very thoughtfully prepared this book of studies. He bids you think of the legions of rats that are ravaging so many counties; then sets himself seriously to the task of instructing you in what turns out to be a very complicated subject. He starts with remarks on ferrets. The best way to train these engaging beasts is (it seems) to hand them over to your little brothers and sisters to play withal, when you shall find they soon get used to the touch of human hands. 'You had better,' he adds, 'not be in the way when the children return to their mother or nurse'; nor disturb yourself overmuch for sounds of wailing—for is not egoism the mark of the true artist? Moreover, the ferret is a model parent, and will not even eat its young unless you 'disturb the babies in the nest.' Its proper food is rats; and you will do well to note that it is but a vulgar error that 'there's venom in the tail,' which need not therefore be removed before you feast your ferret; especially as that sagacious brute is much too *gourmet* to partake thereof. But let not your fondness for him induce you into carrying him in your pocket; for his *odora vis* (to misapply the poet) offends the squeamish, and the ladies (who cannot abide him) will nose you as you go up the stairs. No: carry him in a bag with his fellows; and if you hear a noise as of 'more devils than vast hell can hold,' be not alarmed—('it is only singing, not fighting')—but if you have a dead rat handy, put it in the bag, for to your travelling ferret there is no such consolation as your dead rat. On the matter of dogs, our Barkley is as wise as My Lord Bacon. You must learn to talk to the faithful hound, and to understand him when he talks to you: you must 'remember he is the only living thing that takes a *pleasure* in working for man, and his sole reward is man's approbation.' And this wisdom is seasoned with anecdote. 'Do dogs go to heaven when they die?' asked a very small child; 'Certainly,' was the comforting response; and 'Won't Rough wag his old tail when he sees me come in?' quoth she. Which is delightful.

The ratter is a thing of—not pedigree but—points. One, a certain Chance, hath such a nose that if he affirm in dog lingo that there's a rat in that hole, why, a rat there certainly must be; another has no nose, but is a dab at killing; a third is an adept at sentry-go (as it were), and at 'snaking' what slips the others; another is swift-footed like Achilles; while the last of that bright band is without his parallel in the water. But you need all you can get in this line; for the rat is wily too. As thus: 'An old lady' (why do the gods, 'as wanton boys with flies,' make sport of old ladies?) could keep nor egg nor chick nor duckling. The rat was 'wanted' in vain, till Chance (the infallible) made oath that he was somewhere about the house-dog's kennel. Hereat all wondered, and some scoffed; but Chance, 'sagacious on the tainted green,' went 'inside the kennel and stood at a hole in the plank door'; the house was tilted, 'and in an instant the dogs had a vicious-looking old monster dead.' Again: as our rat-catcher listened with rapt attention to a preacher rightly dividing the word of truth, he noted 'a score of village school children' intent on something all-too plainly not the division; and presently he 'saw a rat sitting with just its nose out of a hole which ran under the brick floor, apparently listening to the sermon.' 'And what for no?' as Burns would have said. Did not the fishes listen to good St. Anthony? and the fowls of the air to St. Francis? Alas, poor rat! Next day parson and ratcatcher hied them churchwards with a dog selected 'because he was black and rather clerical-looking'; and bipeds alone composed next Sunday's congregation. The next problem was to find a rat hid somewhere 'in a spare bedroom at an old manor house': when, quaking with terror yet compelled by curiosity, the women-folk followed. 'Madam and Mary Ann got on the sofa

standing, and the four daughters stood on four chairs round the room.—(A sight for the gods !)—All six clasped their clothes tight round their ankles—why I never could think' (O Innocence !). The dogs marked the sofa, whose fair burden shrieked and fled ; 'I turned the sofa upon its back, and there through the sacking near a leg I found a nice round hole into the interior among the springs'; and therewith a perfect colony. The wainscotting of this same house was discovered soon after to be fairly swarming. Physicians were in vain : 'I got a live rat, tied a ferret's bell on it, and turned it loose ; and for days after it was constantly heard tinkling inside the walls, but it did not drive the rats away.' 'Twas a case for the Pied Piper ; but the Wand of Art was as efficacious as the magic flute. 'Delicious balls of barley meal' were laid in a carefully prepared chamber ; and the rats had a gaudy night, till the hour came and the man. In the kitchen hard by our ratter smoked a meditative pipe, and listened to the crunching and munching of his quarry. As the midnight hour pealed forth, he drew certain cunningly contrived and ordered cords ; then he 'let out all the dogs'; and 'then began a murder grim and great,' whereby the banqueting-room was turned into what in Bostonese is called 'a lethal chamber.'

There is much more of entertainment and instruction in this Compleat Ratter of ours. True, the jest is now and again a thought too elaborately hammered in, or again is somewhat tediously drawn out ; but he shows so keen a joy in the fresh, open life of the fields, so strong a sympathy with the dumb creation, so sincere a feeling for all that is honest and manly, that you are more than half-inclined to get yourself a spade, a ferret, and a puppy, stick his manual in your pocket, and go a-ratting on your first free day.

TWO BOOKS TO READ

Essays from 'Blackwood.' By ANNE MOZLEY. Edinburgh : Blackwood.

Horæ Sabbaticæ. By SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, BART. London : Macmillan.

Here are two more volumes composed entirely of articles reprinted from periodicals, and here, too, let us hasten to add, are two of the most readable and delightful books imaginable. They differ so much in subject and in treatment that comparison were merely futile. It cannot justly be said that the one is better than the other. But he who prefers solid information, combined with vigorous opinion expressed in vigorous English, will turn first to the papers collected (under an extremely happy appellation) from *The Saturday Review* ; while all they that have a greater relish for less serious subjects, treated as only a clever woman can treat them, may be recommended to pounce upon the *Essays from Blackwood.*

Miss Mozley's tact and taste, her unerring sense of proportion, and her graceful and unobtrusive style have long been familiar to such as care for letters ; and we can say nothing more of the present volume than that all these qualities distinguish its every page. An admirable sketch of her life—sufficient without superfluity—permits an opinion to be formed of her character and habits. She was no seeker after fame or notoriety ; her relatives, we are told, could not have guessed the extent of her literary occupations ; she was the very antipodes of a bore or an L.L. She was content to do her duty in the station in which she had been placed ; to bring a naturally shrewd observation to bear upon the society around her ; and to record her impressions and opinions in prose which is neither pompous on the one hand nor affected on the other, but which is the natural and spontaneous outcome of that rarest of gifts, a genuine taste for literature. You cannot read much of these essays without springing to the conclusion that their author had the unspeakable advantage of being nurtured in a circle where books were liked for their own sakes, where they were not regarded as 'formal dulness, tedious friends,' and where it was possible insensibly to imbibe that love of Scott and Shakespeare and Dickens, and a hundred others, which is so precious a possession through life, and, be it remarked, so rare a one at the present day. The love we speak of is as far apart as possible from what is known as culture ; it has nothing to do with Board Schools nor University Extension nor Browning Societies ; it knows naught of German Rationalism nor Parisian profligacy at fifth hand ; it seeks no human being's improvement or edification : but for the fortunate few it is, perhaps the chief solace of existence ; it affords a perpetual refuge from the tempests of the outer world ; it is an inexhaustible spring of the purest and most poignant delight. Of this priceless treasure, as we have said, there is evidence in every sentence of Miss Mozley's. The scope of her reading was obviously wide, and she had read (Heaven forbid that we should say with intelligence ! but) with the keenest gusto and enjoyment. Combine this natural and real taste with a sharp eye for manners and a large share of penetration into character and motive, and the result can scarce be disappointing. To write on such topics as 'Temper,' 'The Four Ages,' 'Schools of Mind and Manners,' 'Illustration,' or 'Social Hyperbole' without sinking into platitude or straining after paradox is no easy matter. Yet Miss Mozley has much that is new and at the same time true to say about them all, and touches no theme without throwing some fresh ray of light upon it. Her effects are not gained by grotesque distortions of fact to fit in with ridiculous theories, nor by hysterical shrieking at people who disagree with her, nor by petulant complaints of the order of the Universe. On the contrary, she never loses touch with real life ; her manner is dignified and suave, her view of existence essentially sane. How exceptional were her critical abilities may best be learned from the paper on *Adam Bede.* But, uncommon as these were, they were surpassed by that elevated and almost inspired common sense (so seldom found in a writing woman's mind) which Miss Mozley shared with others (as Miss Ferrier) who turned their talents in a somewhat different direction, and which was raised to the power of genius in the incomparable Jane Austen.

Sir James Stephen, as we have hinted, treats of weightier matters far than Miss Mozley. His is not a book for the frivolous or for any that lack the power of concentration. We suspect that Sir James will be responsible for some time to come for a good deal of second-hand knowledge that may be aired in the public press. For he deals altogether with authors whom everybody has heard of and nobody reads. Froissart, Montaigne, Hooker, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and Clarendon, are sufficiently familiar names, and belonged to men who produced what is now to the general sufficiently unfamiliar work. Now, no small part of the craft of certain journalists consists in the affectation of an easy acquaintance with old writers, as the art of certain others lies in affecting an easy acquaintance with new ones ; and inasmuch as Sir James Stephen's essays are full of facts, arranged so clearly that no one can go wrong about them, and as he has quoted copiously from the writings he discusses, *Horæ Sabbaticæ* will probably be a useful bank for the pressman to draw upon. But that is not Sir James's fault, and can in no way qualify the hearty applause which so valuable a collection exacts from them that use, as not abusing, it. That all the articles brought together are clear and unambiguous, free from twaddle and cant, the unmistakable offspring of a vigorous and masterful mind, it were superfluous to say. The author of the most valuable contribution to political philosophy which the last quarter of a century has seen could scarce help imparting his striking intellectual qualities to his very slightest work. And these essays are far from being slight. Their composition must have involved no little toil. From first to last they are stamped with the marks of an ample and abundant knowledge. The discriminating judicial intellect informs them one and all. No one tackles a question of casuistry with such eagerness as Sir James Stephen ; and perhaps the three papers on Jeremy Taylor as a moralist are written with more spirit than any of the rest. But there is not one that falls short of a very high standard. We trust that before long we shall be in possession of the companion volume which is promised.

RECENT VERSE

Philip Dale, being a noble, fair-faced woman who loves her little sister well, is moreover a daughter of the late Tomlinson. She lives in Sydney : and she has committed half of *Voices from Australia* (London : Sonnenschein). Truant maiden !—(she cries in 'Dorothy : A Memory')—Little blossom ! Child, you know you must not dream. . . . Promise, Dorothy, my baby, thou wilt never dream again. Whereafter, in the course of four cantos, she apostrophises Dorothy as dear, darling, sweet, child, baby, blossom, sunbeam, saint, mission, or mignonette, more than thirty times. Which fatuities (it will be admitted,

are uninteresting enough to outsiders. But in fact Philip Dale has no excuse for inflicting them upon us. Her emotions are fictitious and her epithets conventional. She calls herself a Voice from Australia: and her talk is still of high old fruit-trees, passing bells, ivy-covered (and dimly-silent) halls, oak-trees, daisies, village children, and age-darkened cathedrals. Winnow her 'twixt star and star, sieve her for her proper worth, and the residue were sheer nothingness. You may not even thresh from her 'a stook of print and book.' Hymnals are all her reading: hymn-books and a sheaf of drawing-room ballads. Wherefore her phrases are hackneyed, and herself (artistically) licentious. When she is not rhyming 'glory' with 'story' and 'morrow' with 'sorrow,' she is pairing 'moon' and 'tune,' 'law' and 'before,' 'blooming' and 'tombing.' Commonly she is satisfied with hearts which are as light as air, throngs which are gay and thoughtless, loads of woe which are heavy, and laments like 'dying swans' refrains.' But in her originalities she is alarming. She will write you of stiffened eyes, of broken wine, of shadows crouching like mantles round the trees that gave them birth. Sometimes, particularly in her Christmas sentiments, she is cheerful and approaches prettiness. But commonly the fire-light that flickers attunes to her heart, As it fitfully rises and gleams with a start. The lost ones from her past clasp her with their hands, and they woo her with their tones: but she shudders from their touch and she answers them with groans. In fine, Philip Dale is 'attuned' to the lugubrious; she is incapable of tasting either poetry or fact; and she is probably not an Australian. Cyril Haviland, in 'The Jenolan Caves' and some forty other poems, is at all events masculine. In compensation he is a mere compound of geology and devotion. On the whole, this book has, in common with other collections of alleged colonial verse, one serious defect: it is unfit for publication.

Mr. Traill lately made a list of eighty or a hundred odd writers of verse known to himself as a reader of the reviews. The fact that some twenty-five volumes are now before us, not more than two of which are written by persons to whom Mr. Traill gave a free advertisement, suggests that Charles Lamb's classification of mankind requires revision. Man is divided into people who write verse and people who do not read it. Some there be (and these are chiefly critics) who belong to neither order: howbeit half-a-score at least of the authors now about to be judged will declare that critics criticise from motives of jealousy, whilst another half-score will retort that they belong to the class that does not read verse. Half-a-dozen of these volumes can be read throughout without a sense of time utterly misspent. Of these the best is indisputably *Quo Musa Tendis* (Cambridge: Macmillan), by the late J. K. Stephen, wherein the author touches weightier matter than he attempted in the volume which made his fame. There is a cynicism not unpleasant and a sincerity which mingles with the frivolity to show that Mr. Stephen could hit the right note in a serious as well as in an antic mood: the pathos of the 'Old School List' and the satire of 'The Golden Wedding' are each conveyed convincingly, and the lapses into fun do but heighten their excellent effect. In workmanship the book shows more than cleverness and a distinct advance in skill. Much after the fashion of *Lapsus Calami* are the *Lyrical Versicles* (Bristol: Arrowsmith) of 'R. T. N.' Some are fluent and really amusing, but more than half the book is the merest 'piffle.' The impression left by Mr. Rennell Rodd's *Violet Crown and Songs of England* (London: Stott) is pleasing. Mr. Rodd is an accomplished maker of verses, especially (though to judge from his choice of metres he thinks otherwise) of blank verse. He can write at times with vigour, and he is extremely sensitive to all manifestations of beauty and bravery. So well worth reading is the volume for its promise of better things, that we may safely express the hope that Mr. Rodd will cure himself of the fallacy of landscape and of certain simpering affectations which sometimes rob his work of manliness. Simpering is a word which will describe the style of Mr. F. W. Bourdillon in *A Lost God* (London: Mathews). The tale is of Pan's death and the teaching of Christ. It opens well enough, but the end is inexpressibly dull. *Harold and Other Poems* (London: Frowde) contains a drama by Mr. S. G. Butler, founded on Lord Lytton's novel, whose less 'intense' scenes merit some praise. The lyrics are scholarly and contemplative, and the 'Hodge' ballads are worth all the rest of the book, being full of character and showing a curious but thin vein of humour. Another play, *The Deformed Transformed* (London: Chapman), is by Ronald Ross, and is quite unreadable, despite some cleverness. Platitudes are not drama, any more than five feet to the line makes verse. *Neighbourly Poems* (London: Gay), by James Whitcomb Riley, is execrably printed and villainously illustrated. Indeed, the book (which comes to pieces as you read it) deserved a better fate, for Mr. Riley, though he writes in a difficult dialect, has something of the stuff that poets are made on. So long as he keeps to country idyls his work is excellent of its sort. Save that they are dedicated to the said Mr. Riley, Mr. Madison Cawein's *Days and Dreams* (London: Putnam) call for no remark. Any one capable of trying to imitate Browning might do as well; and forty thousand Caweins would not make a poet—not even a bad one, such as Mr. W. E. Bailey of 'Cincinatti, O,' whose *Classical Poems* are printed by Mr. Clarke of that city. 'They owe their origin to temperamental characteristics, to the animus of a great deal of what constitutes orthodox English poetry,' and 'their under-current of meaning in many cases is didactic.' This is enough to damn any book: if further condemnation be required, such a line as 'He was a Roman of superior form' is as classical as anything you shall find therein. Mr. Douglas Sladen has been the national poet of so many countries that he ought to be rather pleased at the inclusion of *Lester the Loyalist* (London: Griffith) amongst these American things. 'This book'—(designed to be a Canadian *Evangeline*)—'was made in Japan in one of the styles prescribed by *their* etiquette for the printing of poetry': because, one must understand, of a rather extensive printer's error. There is no poetry in it, and the maple leaves splashed across the page are the only Canadian things in the book. The history is not Canadian.

The reissue of the *Poems* (London: Macmillan) of the late Mr. Caldwell Roscoe is justified on the ground of the 'revival of interest in our minor poets.' Mr. Roscoe's work was neither strong nor original. Howbeit his sonnets, despite the faulty craftsmanship, are quite worth reading. And as to Mr. T. J. Powys's *Poems* (London: Kegan Paul), which are commended by facsimiles of letters from Landor and John Forster, they have naught else in their favour. At the close of Lieut.-Colonel Fife-Cookson's *Dream of Other Days* (London: Kegan Paul) the author 'owns up' that his 'lyre is touched with little power.' He might have said worse, and yet spoken truth. Miss May Sinclair's *Essays in Verse* (London: Kegan Paul) are precisely what they claim to be: but the language is ofttimes pretty. Mr. Cames's translations from *Gustavo Bequer* (London: Kegan Paul) are worse than such stuff usually is. Mr. Foster, the author of *A Fallen City* (Edinburgh: Blackwood) is a careful thinker, but he has no sense of form, neither of melody. Mr. P. H. Rathbone's *Varying Moods* (London: Glaisher) scarce deserves praise. But most of Mr. Rathbone's moods are pleasant, and—well, there is absolutely nothing striking in the book; for which reason it had been better unprinted. Mr. T. D. Sullivan's *Blanaid* (Dublin: Eason) is rather well-written, and its tone will make the priests think highly of the author; but in verse Mr. Sullivan is as stolid a Saxon as ever was. Miss Piatt's *Irish Wild Flower* (London: Unwin) contain very few, very slight, and very pretty poems. Mr. J. Barlow's *Bog-Land Studies* (London: Unwin) suggest our Sims masquerading in an Irish accent at rather greater length than usual. Mr. R. W. Gilder's *Two Worlds* (London: Unwin) is neither better nor worse than any other collection of American magazine verse. Workmanship, rather good: matter, all to seek. Mr. W. C. Scully's *Poems* (London: Unwin) are the work of a South African gentleman, who might have better employed his apparently ample leisure; the average undergraduate writes rather less and rather better. And of the *Ballad of Pity* (Bristol: Arrowsmith) we shall only record that Mr. Gascoigne Mackay rhymes 'sofa' with 'Ophir'; whilst the existence of Mr. Collard Stock's *Translations in Verse* (London: Stock) is a cruel wrong to several very decent foreigners. It is ever the case with your translator; but none has yet been hanged, and none is ever like to be; so that probably your noodle will go on defacing the work of his betters till the end, and publicly approving himself incapable of understanding the A B C of their drift as he has done since the beginning.

THE PLATFORM

The Platform: Its Rise and Progress. By HENRY JEPHSON. London: Macmillan.

Somebody in a scoffing moment once defined the present as the Age of Committees. Few people have pluck and spirit enough to stand alone and do things by themselves. There is the old desire of the Tailors of Tooley Street to pose as representatives of vague and mighty forces behind; there is also a more or less reputable desire to share the responsibility and risk of any movement with as many other people as possible. All this is of tolerably recent growth. The public meeting is almost a condition precedent, as English lawyers say, to the existence of the Committee, and it is only in these latter days that public meetings have come on us for our sins. Time was when the meagre business of the State was transacted, in the mode so dear to the soul of Mr. W. E. Freeman, by a somewhat tumultuous concourse of the sovereign people; then came the assembly of the Wise, followed by one form of despotism after another; till representative government at the hands of the Faithful Commons arose in its glory, but with changed circumstances to become wholly unrepresentative, save of the fortunate owners of such unique properties as the borough of Old Sarum. The sovereign people, indeed, all along retained the privilege of approaching the Legislature, or even the very footsteps of the Throne, by way of petition. But when petitions were properly or improperly rejected or ignored, the sovereign people had no means of redress. True, when an election came on, it might indulge in rioting for a few weeks, and 'chivvy' an unpopular candidate whom it was without votes to reject. But, save at such merry and occasional seasons, the sovereign people was mute, and in all probability apathetic; though now and then a lord-lieutenant might call a meeting of local magnates to deliberate at some time of need.

Strange to say, it was not the French Revolution that started public meetings in this country, though it gave them a mighty impetus. It was rather the great religious revival under Whitfield and the Wesleys—with its enormous and enthusiastic crowds hanging on the burning words of a great preacher—that enclosed the grain of mustard-seed. People got used to meeting together otherwise than in church or chapel, to hear addresses on things pertaining to the future life. And by degrees similar gatherings came to deliberate or get set on fire about more mundane affairs. In the Wilkes row the public meetings played a considerable part: as also in the subsequent 'Economy' agitation. And it is now, accordingly, that the Platform may be said to have had its birth. At first its function was but to give voice to the feelings of those in a particular place dissatisfied with the existing state of things or with some bit of projected legislation. It was scarce a demonstration, and still less part of an organised system for putting pressure on Parliament, or on the Executive by which Parliament had come to be controlled. Rather was it a means for people with no other of making known their wishes in a public and formal way. But soon the Revolution was in the air, and a demand for some sort of Parliamentary reform grew general. Societies for the promotion of that object were formed—some of wise and weighty men, others of a sort of traitors and fools. The Platform was used by all sorts and conditions of men, and language often of the wildest and most incendiary kind was freely employed. The times were troublous and the Government somewhat timid, and so the 'Two Acts' were passed, and the Platform was reduced to silence. After a while such repressive legislation was withdrawn, and men were permitted to shout at their fellows as they pleased. Further attempts there were to sit on the safety valve from time to time. But by degrees it became evident that this course was not a wise one, and since 1825 the right of the sovereign people to meet together and be harangued to its heart's content has (save in Ireland) gone unassailed. Down to the present time the Platform has accordingly continued to occupy an important place in the public life of those realms: though its uses and functions, it must be noted, are very different from what they were fifty years ago.

It was a happy thought that this institution—for so it is—had a history which it would be profitable to trace. For this happy thought Mr. Jephson deserves all credit. The publishers are right in claiming for his book the honour of being 'the first attempt made to trace the origin and development of what has now become a great political institution.' The question to be considered, then, is, how has Mr. Jephson done his work? Without doubt he has gone minutely into the subject, and his book is a perfect storehouse of information. In his own words: 'Every political speech at a public meeting, excluding those from the pulpit and those in courts of justice, comes within the meaning of the Platform.' And he has not hesitated to act up to the spirit of his definition. Many a speech whose only importance was the fact of its delivery is reprinted in whole or in part in his ample pages. This was both unnecessary and undesirable: it spoils the narrative and wearies the reader. And while on the one hand Mr. Jephson cumbers his pages with this mass of detail, he yet gives the go-by to matters as important as any of those with which he deals in which the Platform played a leading part. Not a word does his book contain regarding the famous Ten Years Conflict of the Scottish Church, which culminated in the Disruption of 1843. Not a single reference does he make to the Land League and Home Rule agitations of the last twelve years. In so far as his statements of fact are concerned he is accurate enough: though he does speak of '*Lord* Justice Stephen,' and makes Lord Castlereagh a son of the Marquis of Downshire. But his spirit is far from impartial. He talks loudly of 'that detestable hypocrisy' which was so common in the speeches of the leading Tory statesmen of 1819, who said that they did not desire to prevent free speech but only to check disorder: perhaps it is as well that he left Mr. Gladstone's early dealings with the Land League out of sight. To Lord Melville he is foolishly unfair. What is the use of saying that he was found not guilty, '*though* on one of the charges there was *only* a majority of twenty-seven in favour of his innocence,' when a foot-note shows that the actual figures were 81—54? For information on Scots matters he relies chiefly on the picturesque writings of Henry Cockburn, whom on all points he takes quite seriously. Hence Braxfield is a 'coarse and dexterous ruffian,' and nothing more. On the other hand, the Anti-Corn Law gang is treated as if the late John Bright himself were the historian; while, more recently, a certain Tea-Room Episode in the life of a great and good old man is glossed over as if it had never been.

Then, again, Mr. Jephson fails to perceive, or rather to appreciate, the change that has come over the Platform in the last quarter of a century. The public meeting is again tending to be of but little importance save in the locality where it is held: what *is* of importance is the speech then delivered and flashed by the telegraph to every newspaper in the kingdom. But for this, what effect would have followed on even the Mid-Lothian Campaign of 1880? Or, to put it otherwise: was Mr. Parnell's Manifesto less effective because it was handed to a newspaper agency instead of being spoken to the men of 'Rebel Cork'? But these blemishes (though it is right they should be noted) only slightly detract from the value of a useful and meritorious book. Knowing that the thing is incomplete—and knowing also that the writer has a bias, and what that bias is—you may safely go to it for a lengthy but instructive history of the rise of an important institution.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

The London Programme. By SIDNEY WEBB. London: Sonnenschein.

Freeland. By DR. HERTZKA. London: Chatto.

Mr. Sidney Webb has done his best to make himself ridiculous by the publication of his *London Programme.* This is all the more to be regretted because his recent *brochure* on the Eight Hours Question (in collaboration with Mr. Harold Cox) and his *Socialism in England*—an excellent *résumé* of the Liberal-Socialistic elements at work among us—gave promise of sounder stuff. In *The London Programme* he has allowed himself to run into all the most extravagant follies of the greenest and the most parochial Cockney that ever found a new outlet for his ignorance and vanity in the County Council. There is no end to the conveniences you may enjoy without having to pay for them, if you will only let Mr. Webb have his will of the parish-pump. You shall have free gas and free hot- (and even sea- and spring-) water laid on to your houses, which themselves

shall also be all but free. You shall ride on free trams and sail on free steamers: you shall go excursions—delightful thought!—with your own free, fearless One in free excursion trains. You shall resort to the delights of 'free libraries and reading-rooms'; you shall revel in 'public lavatories'; and as for the 'bands of music,' the 'fêtes and fireworks,' and the parks ('connected by shady avenues' and 'intersected by winding country lanes')—'these, indeed,' says Mr. Sidney Webb in a phrase which smacks of the weak-kneed Fabian, 'will be tremendous affairs.' It is incidentally observed that the public library is to oust the public-house, and it is even implied that the 'fêtes' and other municipal abominations are to supersede meetings for any and every kind of sport. All this folly is to be accomplished mainly at the cost of the unfortunate ground-landlords; by means of ingenious local death-duties; and also by sundry other instruments whereby the free Londoner may be enabled to suck the oranges which his more industrious fellow-citizens have grown.

Dr. Hertzka's *Freeland* is also work of the imagination, and a dolefully serious one to boot. The work has been most laboriously translated by one Arthur Ransom of Bedford, who announces himself as prepared to give inquirers information about a certain society formed to promote colonisation on the principles of *Freeland* somewhere in British East Africa. If you would read this book you must be prepared not only to have your imagination tickled by the anticipated delights of a new Happy Valley but also to be unspeakably bored by cumbrous conversations and correspondences in which the principles of Dr. Hertzka's new society are expounded. The dwellers in Freeland are drawn from all the countries in Europe, but they gracefully waive their national prejudices in favour of the English tongue. Their pioneers conquer all the difficulties of African travel; and railways, mines, and factories replace the jungle-path and the desert with all the rapidity and smoothness with which 'A Street Scene' supersedes 'A Forest' in the theatre; and the Freelanders abide in an 'environment' of all the cheap influences of public refinement which Mr. Sidney Webb would surround us withal—only more so. Their houses, which are villas of the suburban type, are crammed from floor to ceiling with electrical and other apparatus doing all those offices we commit to servants. To anybody but a Freelander these infernal machines would be a source of constant confusion and alarm. Of course the evil spirits of capitalism and landlordism are exorcised from social and industrial life in Freeland; and—of course also—the other evil spirits of thriftlessness, and dishonesty, and crime, whose name is Legion, flee away with them. In which state of affairs, there being always plenty to eat and of the best, and plenty of leisure, with fine weather and a climate influenza-proof, the Freelanders have little cause to complain. The social machinery whereby all these fine things are attained is described with much tediousness, though some of the suggestions are original and ingenious. If the book had been as slight as Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, the curiosity that lends a glamour to all Utopias might have got Dr. Hertzka a hearing. But it will take more than curiosity to string up the ordinary reader to the pitch of perseverance necessary to follow the author through so many leagues of plausible tediousness.

CONCERNING GENIUS

The Man of Genius. By C. LOMBROSO. London: Scott.

In compiling this remarkable volume the Professor of Legal Medicine in the University of Turin has done an enormous amount of work. Forty years ago he was struck with the idea that genius is a special morbid condition; and he satisfied himself that in genius there are various characters of degeneration which constitute the foundation and the sign of nearly all forms of congenital abnormality of mind. But since he published his first work he has materially modified his views. And no wonder.

No doubt we stand face to face with an undeniable truth that genius and insanity are next of kin. Pascal asserted that extreme intelligence was very near to extreme madness, and himself was proof of it; and Dryden's couplet—

> 'Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide'—

has popularised the notion wherever English is spoken. It is no less true that, as giants pay a heavy price for their stature in sterility and mental weakness, so do men of genius pay for their intellectual force in degeneration. Is it by this law that man has gained in intellect over the lower animals by the loss of certain ribs and muscles and the tail? The Professor is of that opinion; but, then, he sacrifices everything to his theory. With marvellous ingenuity and an uncommon scent for abnormal mental manifestations, he has collected a vast number of cases which, if not strained, would certainly support his hypothesis. Certain men of genius have been mad; but is that a sufficient ground on which to base a theory that there is a degree of psychosis in others?

Most readers of Professor Lombroso will be glad to be assured that they are not men of genius; for his morbid tone is depressing, if not revolting. He confesses that very often he has confounded genius with talent, because the dividing line is very difficult to draw. In taking up the characteristics of genius he opens fire with the degeneration it implies. He points out that men of genius are of short stature. No doubt Horace, Epictetus, Albertus Magnus (!), Hunter, Blake, and many more, were below the average height; but what of Goethe and Tennyson, and Fielding and Gluck? Pope and Mendelssohn were afflicted with rickets. Pallor has been called the colour of great men; but Napoleon was no more livid than another Italian, nor Sophocles than another Greek. That law of the conservation of energy which rules the whole organic world seems applicable in the man of genius by the manifestations of precocious greyness and baldness, leanness of body, and weakness of muscular activity. Lesions of the head and brain are very frequent among men of genius, as in the case of Dante, Kant, and Volta. The capacity of the skull in men of genius, as is natural, is above the average: but this is sometimes seen in the insane, for De Quatrefages noted that the greatest degree of macrocephaly was found in a lunatic, and the next in a man of genius. And then you are told of stammering, as in Demosthenes and Darwin; left-handedness, as in Leonardo da Vinci; sterility, as in Pope, Cowper, and Michelangelo; unlikeness to parents, as in Haydn and Voltaire; precocity, as in Tasso and Meyerbeer; instinctiveness, as in Napoleon and Alexander; somnambulism, as in Newton and Cardan; inspiration, as in Shelley and Galileo; sensibility, as in Carlyle and Urquiza; and forgetfulness, as in Buffon and Beethoven.

Professor Lombroso next examines the latent forms of insanity in genius. Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choreic movements. Socrates often danced without reason in the street; and Richelieu, in a fit, believed himself a horse, and neighed. The tendency to melancholy is common to the majority of thinkers; and Goethe could not recall that in all his life he had had more than four pleasant weeks. The delirium of melancholia alternates with that of grandiose monomania: Dante's pride is proverbial, and Hegel believed in his own divinity. In some is found that form of melancholia called *la folie du doute*: Napoleon could not pass through a street, even at the head of his army, without counting windows. Many men of genius have abused alcoholic drinks, as Alexander and Goldsmith; but innumerable others who are *not* men of genius have done the same. Hallucinations are closely connected with artistic creation: Shelley thought he saw a child rise from the sea and clap its hands. Lastly, a very perfect lack of moral sense is frequent in the man of genius, as examples without number show. The resemblance between insanity and genius, our author considers, proves that one does not exclude the other in the same subject. According to Schopenhauer: 'Persons of genius are not only unpleasant in practical life but weak in moral sense. Genius is closer to madness than to ordinary intelligence.' Signor Lombroso carried on a series of clinical researches for several years in regard to the action of the weather on the insane; he found that their mental condition is continually modified by barometrical and meteorological influences; and he has noted a similar tendency in those to whom Nature has been generous in the matter of intellect. Mountainous districts are irresistible to men of genius; yet are they more fertile in insanity than are the plains. The Professor thinks the influence of race as visible in genius as in insanity; and it is certainly curious to note that the Jewish elements in the population furnish four, and even six, times as many lunatics as the rest of the population.

After certain reflections concerning the attacks of genius that sometimes occur to the insane, and a further parallel

with selected analogies) between insanity and genius, Signor Lombroso concludes with confidence that genius is a true degenerative psychosis belonging to the group of moral insanity, and may temporarily spring out of other psychoses, assuming their forms though retaining the special peculiarities which distinguish it from all others. It is a blessing that he has a chapter on those sane men of genius who have completed their intellectual orbit without aberration, not depressed by misfortune nor thrown out of their course by madness.

THE LESSON OF SPICHEREN

The Battle of Spicheren. By BREVET-MAJOR HENDERSON, York and Lancaster Regiment. London: Gale.

Major Henderson's study of Spicheren is work of a type for which the army has long waited in vain. There has been no lack of military publications these last twenty years; but with certain exceptions—exceptions so few they might be counted on the fingers—they have been the work of men whose training had entirely unfitted them to appreciate the changes brought about in warfare—not so much by the mechanical progress of armaments as—by the evolution of the full consequences of universal service. Of the care and judgment expended here it is difficult to say enough. Here are lessons of the highest import for every rank in the service as responsible leaders of men; while the excellent maps will deprive the very idle of an excuse for failing in appreciation. More: the book may well impose a conclusion of national importance on such amateur reformers as may be induced to study it; for it shows in the strongest terms the hopelessness of training an efficient army for modern purposes and under modern conditions on the long-service principle.

Major Henderson is by no means inclined to overestimate the innate fighting power of the Germans—if anything his sympathies incline towards the French; but this tendency appears to increase the value of his conclusions. They practically amount to this: that the Germans conquered at Spicheren, as elsewhere during the war, because of their high average of practical knowledge of their du ies, more especially among the company officers, and the consequent high standard of discipline these were able to maintain in their commands. When the two armies faced each other on the morning of the 6th August 1870, the French were led by veterans of the Crimea and Solferino; their ranks were filled with long-service men; for many hours to come they had a crushing numerical superiority; and they ought assuredly to have exterminated the handful of short-service men and reservists, most indifferently armed, which began the attack before support could reach it. But they failed. And for this reason: that a long-service army—more especially one in which promotion from the ranks is the rule and not the exception—inevitably eats its own heart out during peace; while a short-service army, led by officers all of the same social class and of the same age in every several rank, gains in force and knowledge with every several year of its existence, as long and in proportion as its annual inspections are conducted by men who know what war really is and insist on a high standard of discipline. The two conditions go together, and neither is of much avail without the other. Short service, with the number of recruits that has annually to be trained, compels the decentralisation of authority in favour of the junior leaders—always supposing these shall be rigorously rejected should they fail to keep their commands up to the proper standard. Everything depends on the correctness of the standard chosen, and this is guaranteed by the senior officer's knowledge of war and his absolute power to insist on due fulfilment of every requirement. Now, the conditions of long service, with its little annual contingent of recruits, enable the training to be entrusted to specialists—to adjutants and riding-masters; so that of the other young officers, who are practically exempted from the necessity of mastering the rudiments of their profession, the most grow up, and are promoted from rank to rank, without a thorough knowledge of the points on which efficiency depends. With a corps of officers thus trained, every attempt at reform from above encounters such opposition as makes progress impossible. No commander-in-chief can inspect all the troops that are under him: he cannot even train all his inspecting-officers; for such training is the work of a life-time, and is not to be grasped by men grown old in the errors and misconceptions inherited with the system.

And this is very much our present position. We have adopted the short-service system, and taken no heed of the fundamental condition on which its efficiency depends: that is, the delegation of responsibility to the junior officers. Reforms attempted from above have naturally proved unavailing; but the remedy lies ready to our hand, and this book of Major Henderson's brings fresh evidence in support of the necessity for the change we advocated here. Let us hope his pleading will, this time, not fall on deaf ears.

FICTION

There are people who make use of fiction for the development of strange theories of the unknowable, or for controverting the errors of the Church of Rome. And in generations to come, if such persons get their way, the novel may perhaps even become the ordinary means of instruction in algebra, conchology, and all the rest: in short, only a trifle less dreary than the efforts of the American humourist to provoke mirth by the misspelling of simple words. What is desired in a novel is none of these things. You want to be taken out of yourself, as the phrase goes: to have a change of air and scene, to be made free for the time of another circle than that in which your daily life is passed. Herein is the function of the novel: and by his achievement thereof is the success of the novelist to be gauged. Some writers, of course, put their strength into the development of a cunningly constructed plot: others lay hold of your attention by ministering to that craving for horrors which even the most timid knows. In the *Chronicles of Westerly* (Edinburgh: Blackwood) such veins are not worked. Here is nothing that startles, and such surprises as there are add little to the interest. The scene is a garrison town a few miles from a cathedral city; and the people are the ordinary humdrum denizens of the place—so far as a bishop and the officers of the gallant 201st may without disrespect be so described. There is scarce anything noteworthy about any of them. They are good, bad, and indifferent, but always in an entirely mild sort of way. There is no villain, and it is difficult to say who are the hero and heroine, so impartial is the chronicler. And yet this is one of the most charming books of the season. In spite of the fact that at no given moment is anybody in any special danger to life and limb, it is impossible to lay it down half-read. The author takes you by the button-hole—or rather falls into an arm-chair, while you lie on a sofa—and tells you all about a number of people, everyone of whom you somehow seem to know. One and all, they speak and act in the only possible way (it seems) they could. And when the author sets them aside and comments on them and their doings, he is perhaps more effective still. Clear insight into human nature, a power of gentle but effective raillery, and a cynicism so genial it never permits itself to sneer, are not the least of his gifts. There is only one thing in the book to be regretted, and that is an intimation in the preface that the author does not expect to have 'the time and opportunity to perpetrate another book.'

The ponderous tale of *Mariam* (London: Macmillan), by Horace Victor, seems told in earnest. The idea is good. The story is meant to illustrate the effect of a man's surroundings on his life; and to this end a young doctor with a mysterious knowledge of Arabic, and a sweetheart at home, is made one of a shipload of pilgrims from Bussorah to Jeddah. In defiance of custom an Arab girl is among them, and she and the doctor make it a pilgrimage of love. The girl's Arab lover is on board, and as the ship nears Jeddah he and the doctor enter into a contest of self-sacrifice; and the doctor wins by sheltering (rather meanly) behind the lady at home. Poor Mariam yields precedence to her rival, and laments that, her 'things being all roped up,' she cannot have the pleasure of sending a present to this good girl. So it ends. The women actors have a little life, but the men are all dignity and vocabulary. The local colour is strong and plentiful; there is evidence of careful study and observation throughout; and the author has missed a really splendid opportunity.

Without disrespect it might be conjectured that *Dare Macdonald* (Paisley: Gardner) is written by a girl for girls. It is a prettily told and simple story of many nice people and some

that are naughty. The external get-up is unusually tasteful, but this is the only thing noteworthy about it. People who write stories about Indian life are undeniably unfortunate: in that they are sure to be compared to a certain R-d-rd K-pl-ng, and to suffer by the comparison. Such is their fate, and they must just possess their souls in patience and do their best. But looked at apart from such a standard, the short stories which go to make-up *In Tent and Bungalow* (London: Methuen) have considerable merit of their own. They are not, indeed, the work of a master-hand, but they are pleasantly told in good English, sometimes amusing, and eminently readable throughout.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's new story is a pleasantly written romance of middle-aged love. The titular hero of *That Stick* (London: Macmillan) is a solicitor's clerk, who for near twenty years has been affianced to a nice little governess; but, the care of a brother's widow and children devolving upon him, he has been unable to marry. His unexpected accession to a title and estates sends him at once into the bonds of wedlock; and the record of his wedded love, with its troubles and joys, is told in Miss Yonge's agreeable and wholesome way. The best character is the hero, who, from being universally—and rudely—gibed as 'that stick,' comes to be regarded as a strong staff by the widows, orphans, and fatherless, who largely make up the *personæ* of this story.

In a funny preface to *Dan's Mother* (London: Eden) the anonymous author thus advises the reader: 'If you feel inclined to be severe on my style, please keep in mind that I have written of a time when I was at a very different standpoint from my present one.' This mysterious apology is not unwarranted; but the book, which belongs to the homely autobiographical school, has an abundance of human interest. Decidedly the best part is the first, which describes the home of a dissolute burlesque actress, whom obesity and family cares have driven into private life.

SEPULCHRAL ESSEX

The Ancient Sepulchral Monuments of Essex. By Frederic Chancellor. Chelmsford: Durrant.

Here is a book on monuments which is a monument itself. It is, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Chancellor could not have got his work into reasonable bounds. Haines on *Monumental Brasses* is comprised in two octavo volumes. On the other hand, Mr. Chancellor's illustrations are drawn to scale, which would be an impossibility if the pages were not sufficiently large. The type is correspondingly large, and certainly many of the notes on family history are very interesting to the modern reader. Essex in the middle ages and in the seventeenth century was a fashionable region, within easy distance of London, and particularly convenient for great men who had business at Court or in Parliament. Thus it comes to pass that the chief country quarters of some historical families—the Veres, the Tyrrels, the Wentworths, the Bourchiers, and many more—were in that county. Besides such noble folk as these, the aristocracy of wealth was largely represented. The region east and north-east of London is full of fine old houses: some half pulled down, but still grand, like Audley End, built by one of the Chancellors of Henry VIII.; and others let out as farmhouses or in tenements, like Eastbury, where Lord Monteagle resided about the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Si Anthony Cooke, who lies buried in Romford Church, under a grand Palladian monument, was descended from a Lord Mayor, who purchased 'Geddy,' as Mr. Chancellor spells it, in or about 1460. Sir Anthony's clever, beautiful, and well-married daughters made Gidea or Giddy Hall famous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. One married the great Lord Burleigh. Another, after acting as teacher to Edward VI., married Sir Nicholas Bacon, whose fame is somewhat eclipsed by that of his son. The third married Lord Russell, and commemorated him in Greek and Latin epitaphs in St. Edmund's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. The fourth daughter, who knew Hebrew and other learned languages, married a Killegrew. The Boleyns had a residence at Rochford, whence Queen Anne Boleyn's ill-fated brother took his title. The Waldegraves were at Navestock, and the Marneys at Layer Marney. The Maynards were at Easton, and the Mildmays at Grace's, near Chelmsford, now a farmhouse. The county has not for a hundred years or so been much affected by the upper classes; but latterly a reaction seems to have set in, and the pleasant green slopes towards the Thames on the south, with their views of the blue hills of Kent, and the breezy uplands, with their dry and bracing air, towards Saffron Walden, to say nothing of the neighbourhood (no longer neglected) of Epping Forest, are all being once more enlivened with handsome houses and peopled by wealthy residents.

The former period of greater prosperity happened just when men had a clear conception of what a monument might be and should be. They did not put little white nude busts in corners to commemorate poets and parsons, as our contemporaries have been doing in Westminster Abbey. The art of writing epitaphs, too, had not died out in the seventeenth century. Moreover, during that Vandalic movement, the so-called 'great Gothic revival,' it has been customary to destroy great numbers of these memorials and remove others to convenient situations. This was (and is) called 'restoration.' When an eminent architect 'restored' Downham Church, near Billericay, he placed all the monuments in the Tower, except the brasses, which were torn from the gravestones and stuck in the wall. A curious tablet, painted on canvas, to one of the Raymonds, looked too like a hatchment to be suffered to exist, and so was torn down, and long did duty as oilcloth in an aviary, the arms and inscription being completely obliterated. More care has been bestowed on the monuments of the Bourchiers at Little Easton Church, where a chapel is given up to them and to those of their successors, the Maynards. Henry Maynard was secretary to the great Burleigh; and his 'hearse,' with figures of his ten children, is at Easton. 'Five of the sons hold skulls in their hands, indicating that they were dead at the time when the monument was executed.' Mr. Chancellor gives the curious epitaph which describes the sad fate of two of them, who seem to have died of sunstroke abroad on the same day:

> 'Two of the pretivs ones (a pitiovs spoile)
> Were ill transplanted to a foreine soile;
> Where the hott sun (how ere it did befall)
> Drew upp theire juice to perfume heaven withall.'

One of the finest of these seventeenth-century tombs is that of Sir Thomas Smith, whose descendants have changed their name to Smijth, which has a grotesque and Batavian appearance. It is in the church of Theydon Mount, and was put up in 1614. Mr. Chancellor describes it as of alabaster, with marble columns and panels; a semi-circular arch and two Ionic columns are over the effigy of Sir Thomas. A still more magnificent tomb is near it in the same church. Here the columns are Composite, there are two effigies, and figures of seven children. There are many other monuments not so fine in this church, all commemorating members of the Smith family. In Felstead Church is a very fine example of the same period. It represents Lord Rich, who died in 1568, and is grouped with a figure, kneeling, of his son and successor. They must be somewhat later than the date assigned. The Waldegrave tomb, in the same style, has also an early date upon it, namely 1561. The architecture is particularly pure, and the heraldry gorgeous, in this case. A great Gothic tomb at Gosfield commemorates Sir John Wentworth and his wife, and can be very little, if at all, older than those just named, as Sir John only died in 1567. This monument has been much disfigured and pulled about, the church having twice suffered 'restoration.' Mr. Rutton, in his memoir on *Three Families of Wentworth*, shows that this is the tomb of Sir John Wentworth, son of Sir Roger, to whom Mr. Chancellor assigns it, and gives a large engraving of a quartered shield; but his book did not come out in time for Mr. Chancellor to avail himself of it. Mr. Chancellor gives an interesting account of the Berners family and their memorials in Finchingfield Church, and adds a pedigree, in which we regret to see no place reserved for Juliana, the nun of Sopwell, who wrote so learnedly of fishing, hunting, and heraldry. Perhaps the most magnificent of all the seventeenth-century tombs figured by Mr. Chancellor is that of Sir Thomas Middleton in Stanstead Mountfichet Church. Coupled marble columns—Mr. Chancellor calls them 'Corinthian,' but they are more like 'Composite' in his illustration—support an entablature and enclose a semi-circular arch resting upon pilasters, forming the recess, in which is a magnificently designed sarcophagus. Mr. Chancellor, whose classical knowledge, like that of so many architects of the present day, has probably been acquired in a

Gothic school, calls it an altar tomb. Angels and other statues accompany the effigy of Sir Thomas, who is represented as a singularly handsome man. The upper part of the design shows seven shields, or rather 'cartouches' of arms. Middleton was Lord Mayor the year after his brother had brought the New River to London. The Hicks monuments at Leyton are curious and interesting, and of unusual design. In one, Sir Michael and his wife repose each on an elbow, so that they are not side by side but foot to foot. In the other, Sir William in a dressing-gown and a great wig is attended by the statues of a Roman soldier on one side and of a Roman matron on the other, representing his son and daughter-in-law. Mr. Chancellor gives the date of his death as 1600, but it surely ought to be 1700. The Petre monuments at Ingatestone are very fully illustrated. Although Mr. Chancellor does not profess to give brasses, he makes a few exceptions, and we are very glad to see a carefully measured drawing of the brass of 'Samvell Harsuett,' Archbishop of York, who died in 1631. His vestments have been of great interest to certain sections of Churchmen. He wears an alb, but open in front, and over it a richly decorated cope. He has a crook in his left hand, and a mitre on his head. The terra-cotta tombs at Layer Marney are well figured, but do not incline the architectural critic to admire a material very unsuitable for delicacy or true beauty of ornamentation. It never spread in England, and it would be difficult to name more examples than Layer Marney Tower and Sutton Place, near Guildford, until it was used in late years for some very conspicuous buildings. It is chiefly to blame for the preternatural ugliness of the British Museum at South Kensington. Mr. Chancellor pays great attention to the Vere or 'de Vere' family, and adds an elaborate pedigree. It is, however, doubtful if they ever called themselves 'de Vere' in English. Sir Francis Vere and Lord Vere of Tilbury certainly did not.

On the whole, this is a very satisfactory piece of work. We have bestowed but scant notice on the Gothic tombs figured by Mr. Chancellor, as they are not so interesting or beautiful as those of the seventeenth century; but they are numerous in the book, and Mr. Chancellor evidently admires them. He has taken immense pains with the heraldry and with pedigrees calculated to elucidate it, and we can only wish he would 'go and do likewise' for the splendid monuments hidden away—or, worse, destroyed—by restorers in the country on the other side of the estuary of the Thames.

BLOOD AND IRON

Letters of Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers. Translated by CLARA BELL and HENRY W. FISCHER. London: Osgood.

That publisher and translators have been well advised in placing this book at the service of those who 'have not the German,' need not be questioned. For that kindness, and for the excellence of the English rendering, all thanks are due. But though the interest in the name of Moltke among us is living enough to make the book welcome, yet the amount of knowledge regarding him is not so great as to justify its issue to English readers without apparatus of any sort, save only a couple of indices, a family-tree, and a few pages of remarks about the Field-Marshal's mother and two of his brothers. These parts are apparently translated from the German, and are well done. But what is wanted to make the thing serviceable to the general reader, and to save it from an irritating sense of incompleteness for other people, is a reasonable biography. As it is, the sense of incompleteness is seldom latent, but lies upon the face of half the pages. There are reiterated political discussions which the dearth of an occasional half-page of historical commentary will condemn to the obscurity that best befits a State secret. There are lacunæ in the correspondence which are unaccountable to the uninformed, but to which the English editors ought surely to have given meaning. Only an obscure reference indicates that Moltke was trained in the Danish service; his remarkable military experiences in the East leave no trace upon the book: wherein, moreover, there is scarce anything to lead you to suppose that he had any more vital connection with the Austro-Prussian war than with Scipio's march on Zama. Of course, the German reading public could bring such knowledge of the subject matter as would make the book luminous and delightful. But in the English public for whose behoof translations are compounded such knowledge cannot be assumed.

These volumes show the architect of the most terrific of modern campaigns in the several characters of son and brother and husband; and it may be said at once that a finer embodiment of all these relationships it were hard to find in recent literature. The virtues of each, with their distinctive shades of feeling, are here so fully present—free alike from suspicion of lukewarmness or defect, and from the maudlin insincerity of excess—that little can in decency be done save note the fact and feel grateful. The Field-Marshal's mother was a woman worthy to bring forth men children only, and with his affection for her there is mingled a fine appreciation of her heroic qualities. It appears that she married the man of her choice against the world. 'A passionate attachment,' observes her son on some occasion, 'can only decrease': and we are told that a time came when the understanding between the lady and her husband was felt to be lacking. That cannot have been within the first fourteen years, we should think, judging from the indications of the family-tree, and bearing in mind a certain wise saying of Meg Merrilies as to the habit of such ladies as do love their lords. In any case, too, a man's most dangerous rivals—if he would pretend to sole mastery of the sunshine—are ever found to be his own offspring. Yet the bounteous maternity of Frau von Moltke did not limit its beneficence, on occasion. For it is recorded of her that for a season she gave of her own fulness to the child of one of her farm-servants: and in his ninetieth year the Field-Marshal was delighted to hear from his foster-brother, then a hale old man of eighty-nine. In the letters to his brothers there is a fine distinction of feeling, according to whether he is addressing Adolf (whom, with all his affection for him, he could well have wished clean of all connection with the 'constitution-mongering' legislative assembly of Holstein) or Ludwig, who was a scholar of gentle character and most fragile habit. The boy Ludwig was neglected if not despised by his father: wherefore he was held in the more cherishing regard by his mother and brother. A certain delicacy of perception, indeed, and an instinct for refinement are the qualities which strike one oftenest in reading those letters: not that they are more in evidence than the writer's affection, modesty, and good sense, but that you are less predisposed to look for them in a man so exclusively identified with an achievement in blood and iron. This shows itself alike in his ceaseless delight in all the sunnier aspects of nature (the coming forth of the flowers seems to have been a veritable new birth to him year by year) and in his appreciation of the artistic and the conventional in social life. He was therefore none of your levellers; and while he expresses himself (at twenty-eight) as thankful that his fellow-officers 'all have that sort of education which alone makes social intercourse a pleasure,' so that 'the conversation is as various as it is lively,' he is quick to feel and prompt to admire the ordered gracefulness of routine and bearing which is the outgrowth of Toryism. In this way he was deeply impressed by what he saw during a visit to the Kospoths, a great territorial family 'connected with all the princes and magnates of the country.' Everything here was 'beautiful, pleasing, rich, and noble; and art was not the stinted spice of life, but life itself.' Especially he noted that 'people are more than commonly courteous when they have a historical past and a splendid name.' A profound respect, begot of knowledge and thought, for whatever is of historic growth, is very early expressed. For this reason he disliked equally the top-hat as a piece of wear and the influence of certain great financing firms as a power in international politics. The Rothschilds were the parvenus of wealth to him, as Louis Napoleon was the parvenu of power. And in the troublous times from 1830 to 1866, when Prussia stood without support and had not yet found her own strength, he was not a little pained by this—that *she* was regarded as a parvenue among the States of Europe. Being firmly convinced, as he was, that, while liberty might be the outcome of order, yet order was never the outcome of liberty, he saw in the growth of Continental democracy but the promise of evil times. For the 'dear Berliners' of 1850 he would have prescribed 'a little powder and shot': just as he saw, and said, that France could only be saved in 1871 by a Government strong enough to accept the odium of a slaughter in the streets of Paris.

The letters of such a whole-hearted patriot and keen observer of events could not but contain much valuable commentary on the history of his own time. Many of the letters to his mother and most of those to Adolf are of politics—the higher and

lower—all compact. Much of it (as all the dead and done anxieties of the Holstein business), as it concerns English readers but little, will interest them not at all: especially in the absence of such aids as the editors have omitted to supply. But the book affords an interesting glimpse of the rise of Prussia as it presented itself to one of the two men who most contributed to the result. Von Moltke early foresaw that Prussia must yet stand at the head of Germany; and he held fast this belief in the most evil times, when Prussia, alone among the States of Europe, was threatened from many sides, without friends and without power of expansion in any direction. But he also knew that the leadership must be won by violence; and it was himself who achieved the work by the campaign of 1866—putting an end to a state of things in which the two great German Powers had existed mainly to paralyse each other, and thus making good the first step towards the unification of Germany. Of the campaign itself there is no mention here; but there are many interesting impressions regarding the war of 1870-71, beginning about the time when the iron wall of German artillery closed round Paris, when the Field-Marshal remarks that he can now indulge in his evening game at whist, which he had had to deny himself hitherto: a touch, you can fancy, that will impart a twinge of peculiar bitterness to such of the conquered as chance to read it. And while he is ready with admiration for the valour and with pity for the fortunes of the French people, he has nothing but impatience and contempt for those responsible for the desperate policy of resistance which marked the last stages of the war. After the whole French army had migrated to Germany, there were more men under arms in France than there had been when the war began. They were raw levies called together by eloquent barristers, or dragged by the Terrorists from house and farm to follow the flag. The impotence of such forces ('risings of the masses,' he called them) against a disciplined army caused Von Moltke to describe this policy as one of atrocity and treason. It was infamous, and it certainly was not war. It was demoralising to all concerned in that it changed a war between armies into a bitter and murderous struggle between two peoples. In the same spirit he criticises the prolonged defence of Paris after the possibility of hope and help had been taken away. Such unwillingness to acknowledge a beating seemed to him petulant and unheroic, besides being senseless. It was also as expensive to the besieged as it was irritating to the besiegers. For if the former managed by an enormous daily waste of shot and shell (each shell costing £10) to kill a stray German—whereby their own affairs were not in the smallest degree improved—the temper of the conquerors got very bad indeed. Plainly, the Field-Marshal opined that this was not war either. He was afflicted with the advice of compatriots, who wrote to him in doggerel verse that he did not go about his business half sharp enough (as who should say), but ought to bombard Paris at once; while Victor Hugo, in his fatuous allusive way, remarked that he thought it was Arminius at the gate, and behold! it was Schinderhannes. Howbeit Schinderhannes was willing to endure many such attentions rather than adopt 'the last cruel alternative of a regular bombardment.' He was also greatly concerned as to how his enemy should find bread when the siege should end; and his many expressions of regret for the senseless devastation which the French themselves wrought round Paris, without thereby hindering for one hour the German advance, may with advantage be allowed to supplement the wails of M. Alphonse Daudet for the desecrated forest of Sénart and the ravaged Summer Palaces of the Île-de-France.

SEA-SIDE CHARACTERS

East Coast Yarns. By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low.

Mr. Emerson has an eye for character, a clear and flexible style, a gift of narrative, the instinct of drama. Yet his work invariably leaves an unsatisfactory impression on the mind. Up to a certain point his first sketch, 'The Wreck of the *Asia*,' is beyond praise. None but a most intelligent and observant eye-witness could (you think) so vividly reproduce the scenes aboard, or touch off the passengers (the panic and the courage and self-possession) so lightly and happily as here. But he does not know when to stop, and he prolongs his story far into anti-climax in the manner of one whose conscience pricks him to set down the minutest particular. But, whatever his faults, there is no denying that Mr. Emerson has successfully attempted to interest us in the boorish and stalwart pagans still to be found in the villages of the East Coast. They have no such prejudices about convention as influence the more civilised. Here is a man's account of his courtship: 'Thinks I, I 'll go up to the workhouse and see what I can do. So I goes, and I sees a strapping young mawther with two bairns hedge-fathered, so I says, "You 'll do," and I brought her along. They 're allust the best, them hedge-got children.' Smuggling is not largely practised nowadays, but they that are given to it have no fine scruples about human life. One of Mr. Emerson's cleverest sketches tells the story of a policeman who ventured into a suspected wherry. The wherry was instantly sunk, though she was raised in a few hours without much loss or trouble. Some days afterwards a policeman's helmet was found floating down stream, and in due time there was a verdict of 'Found drowned.' Mr. Emerson relates several highly amusing stories of the horse-coping gang; but let us hope that his country parson is something of caricature. This pluralist had the knack of making his labours pleasant, as well as reducing them to a minimum. He never read any but printed sermons, whereof he had a choice of fifty-two, that served him all the year round and every year. The scandal through which he came to grief seems to be characteristic rather of past than present. A member of the hunt, he went in pink one Saturday night (at nine) to a wine-party given by the master. At two on Sunday morning they started on the punch. Suddenly, amid the smoke and wine-fumes and din of unchained speech, the old squire rose and damned the parish, excepting the good fellows present; called the huntsman, and sent him to drag a red herring through the drives and porches of the parishioners he disliked; and turned the hounds loose at five on a quiet Sabbath morning in spring. To their music the respectable inhabitants arose as one man; and though the revellers reeled home as quietly as possible, it is no wonder that one outraged Puritan was moved to express a vigorous opinion of the vicar in a tract called *The Scarlet Man.*

Some of Mr. Emerson's sketches verge upon tragedy. The most powerful, 'Dick Hurtle, Marshman,' is the account of a man whose passion was for neither wife nor child but for the pumping-engine he tended. Year by year a new bairn (that was not his) came to his cottage; but he ate his beef and bread and drank his beer in the mill, and cared for nothing except the three miles of river-wall under his charge. Many victims lay in Rainham churchyard; for he was jealous of intruders, and overworked and thrashed them till they died. The grim and silent energy of the brute takes hold of the imagination; but you must turn to the book itself to learn of the flood wherein he asserted himself to best purpose and which indirectly caused his death. The fortune of many a novel has been made by a less striking piece of portraiture than his. And it is in accordance with Mr. Emerson's theory of art that most of these sketches should seem made from the life. A great deal of the interest in them springs from the revelation of Paganism that flourishes in East Anglia as elsewhere, in striking contrast with the conventionalism of town. These characters live on the English sea-board much the same lives that long ago were lived on the coast of Ithaca. Full of energy and appetite, grossly superstitious, existing as though law and morality were not, they grow up into the most natural of men; and to read of them is to long for war and a Compulsory Enlistment Act contrived for their peculiar benefit.

OLD AND NEW

Mr. W. Carew-Hazlitt is an industrious book-maker, who does not often contrive to illumine the dark places wherein he wanders. His latest achievement, *Tales and Legends of National Origin* (London: Sonnenschein), is described by the publishers as a prose companion of Percy's *Reliques.* Never was a boast worse founded. In truth, many of the ancient tales and legends are pleasant to read, and some are not ill-told. But the most are compietely beggared of style; and the unvarnished chap-book, apart from its curiosity, is commonly no nearer literature than the doggerel of the broad-side. However, here are the stories of Friar Bacon and Virgilius, of Robin Hood and Chevy Chace, presented after some sort of fashion; and those that

know them not may make their acquaintance. Mr. Hazlitt's 'critical introductions' are nothing if not uncritical. He is generally content with a loose appreciation, and in few instances is he even at the pains to tell you the source of his material.

With the Old Testament present to the mind, we scarce need be told that the Jew is something more than a money-grubber. Yet we are apt to forget that the sacred book contains but a small portion of the literature of Israel. That literature hardly exists for the outer world, or even for the ordinary Jew, since it is buried in books not easy of access The learned Rabbin Dr. J. Winter and the equally learned Professor Dr. August Wunsche to supply this want have compiled under the title of *Die jüdische Litteratur seit Abschluss des Kanons* (Trier : Sigmund Mayer) an anthology of Hebrew literature in prose and verse, and furnished the rarer selected pieces with biographical and historical introductions and all other requisite explanatory apparatus. The work is to be completed in sixteen parts, of which the first two are before us. The first contains chosen extracts from *Das hellenistisch-targumistische Schriftum*, whilst the second deals with *Der Talmud Mischna und Thosephtha.*

In the days when Japan was still closed against Europeans and their trade, Captain Anderson sailed the sunny seas. His experiences were varied—sometimes amusing, sometimes grim enough. The cargo of the good ship *Eamont* was either opium or the dollars for which opium had sold ; and many a Chinese gentleman was ready to take a share in the deal. But Captain Gulliver, with his merry men, was more than a match for them all. And so Captain Anderson is still with us to discourse on these old times—*Among Typhoons and Pirate-Craft* (London : Chapman)—in a frank and unaffected way.

Though primarily designed as a text-book for University Extension lecturers and students, Mr. Caldecott's *English Colonisation* (London : Murray) will be found of use by all them that would understand what the Empire is and how it has reached its present greatness. The title is unfortunate, for Scots and Irish have done their part in building up the mighty fabric as surely as their brethren : and it is simply pictorial nonsense to say that in the beginning of the seventeenth century 'Scotland was just entering, through union with England, into the open field of history.' This narrowness of view apart, the manual is intelligent, comprehensive, and accurate.

In *Grisons Incidents in Olden Times* (London : Percival) the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache has rescued from oblivion two curious stories relating to that once little-known country. In *The Well-Spring of Immortality* (London : Nisbet) Miss Hewlett tells an instructive story of Indian life which will find acceptance in the sight of all interested in missionary work. It is far from improved by a number of inferior illustrations, some of which indeed approach the grotesque. It is not likely that Mr. Alexander Michie's views as expounded in *Missionaries in China* (London : Stanford) will be accepted as the last word in the controversy ; but they are worthy of most serious consideration, being the maturely formed and clearly expressed opinions of a man of extensive knowledge and candid mind. We have also received *Stanford's Handy Atlas of Modern Geography* (London : Stanford), which contains thirty maps and a really excellent alphabetical list of names ; *Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench*, 1892 (London : Dean), an indispensable work of reference, now in the twenty-sixth year of publication ; *The Year's Art*, 1892 (London : Virtue), compiled by Marcus B. Huish, which is now in the thirteenth year of publication ; *Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth* (London : Stott), selected and edited by C. K. Shorter, which contains more of Wordsworth than anybody save a Wordsworthian is likely to read ; a new edition of *Annandale's Concise Dictionary* (Glasgow : Blackie), which is a marvel of cheapness ; a new edition of *Lectures on the Apocalypse* (London : Macmillan), by William Milligan ; a cheap edition of *Orthodox* (London : Eden), by Dorothea Gerard : *The London Matriculation Directory, January* 1892 (London : University Corr. Coll.) ; the annual *Transactions of the Cremation Society of England* (London : 8 New Cavendish Street) ; the new part of *Det Videnskabilege Udbytte af Kanonbaaden 'Hauchs' Togter* (Copenhagen : Host) ; with the latest instalments of *The Classical Review* (London : Nutt), and of *Minerva* (Rome : La Società Laziale), both excellent numbers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Fiction

A Song of Sixpence. Henry Murray. London : Chatto.
Eline Vere. Louis Couperus ; Translated by J. T. Grein. London : Chapman.
House by the Medlar-Tree. G. Varga. London : Osgood.
Miss Merewether's Money. Thomas Cobb. London : Ward and Downey. 2 vols.
Not All in Vain. Ada Cambridge. London : Heinemann. 3 vols.
Selections from Defoe's Minor Novels. Edited by George Saintsbury. London : Percival.
Slaves of the Sawdust. Amye Reade. London : White.
The City of the Just. Thomas Terrell. London : Trischler.
The Shelling of the Peas. Mary Albert. London : Hurst. 3 vols.
Zeph. G. R. Sims. London : Chatto.

Verse

Fairy Ballad-Book. The Author of *Endymion's Dream* London : Bell. 3s. 6d.
Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth. C. K. Shorter. London : Stott. 3s.
One in the Infinite. By F. Savage Armstrong. London : Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Poems. William Watson. London : Macmillan. 5s.
The Book of the Rhymers' Club. London : Mathews. 5s.

Travel

Australian Life. F. Adams. London : Chapman. 3s. 6d.
Handbook of the United States. M. King. London : Osgood. 10s. 6d.
My Home in the Alps. Mrs. Main. London : Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.
Siberia As It Is. H. de Windt. London : Chapman.
Sporting Sketches in South America. Admiral Kennedy. London : Porter. 6s.
The Naturalist in La Plata. W. H. Hudson. London : Chapman. 16s.

Biography

Autobiography of Isaac Williams. London : Longmans. 5s.
Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art. A. Theuriet. London : Unwin. 10s. 6d.
Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins, 1851-1870. Selected by Georgina Hogarth ; Edited by Laurence Hutton. London : Osgood. 5s.
The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade. M. J. O'Connell. London : Kegan Paul. 25s.
The Life and Career of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. G. Mercer Adam. London : Sampson Low. 16s.
Wagner as I Knew Him. Ferdinand Praeger. London : Longmans. 7s. 6d.

History

Teufel's History of Roman Literature. Vol. II. Translated by G. C. W. Warr. London : Bell. 15s.
'The Grasshopper' in Lombard Street. J. B. Martin. London : Leadenhall Press.

Theology

Christ the Light of all Scripture. W. C. Magee. London : Isbister. 7s. 6d.
Prophecy : An Evidence of Inspiration. M. B. Oliel. London : Griffith. 2s. 6d.
Recognition in Eternity. J. Fleming. London : Skeffington. 2s.
The Decalogue. Daniel Fraser. Edinburgh : Hitt. 2s. 6d.
The Development of Revelation. G. R. Palmer. London : Palmer.
The Lord's Prayer. R. Eyton. London : Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.
The Sermon Year-Book. London : Hodder. 6s.

Miscellanea

A Primer of the Gothic Language. Joseph Wright. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.
Aristophanes' 'Frogs,' with an English Version. D. G. Hogarth. London : Frowde. 2s.
Badminton Game-Book. London : Webster. 21s.

Children's Stories of English Literature. H. C. Wright. London: Unwin. 5s.
Deeds of Beowulf done into Modern Prose. J. Earle. London: Frowde. 8s. 6d.
Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature. Wm. Watson. London: Walmsley. 3s. 6d.
Graduated Passages from Greek and Latin Authors. Part II. Edited by H. Bendall. Cambridge: University Press. 2s.
Green Tea. V. Schallenberger. London: Unwin. 1s. 6d.
Illegitimacy, and the Influence of Seasons upon Conduct. A. Leffingwell. London: Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
Illustrations of Field Exercises. H. M. Bengough. London: Gale and Polden. 5s.
Marriage and Disease. S. A. K. Strahan. London: Kegan Paul. 6s.
Numerical Tables. S. Lupton. London: Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
Observations on the Emancipation of Industry. G. V. Crosbie. London: Stock.
Old England. E. A. W. London: Hunt.
Practical Arithmetical Exercises. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 3s. 6d.
Practical Directions for Making Slojd Models. A. Johansson. London: Philip. 2s.
Record of the Cambridge Mozart Centenary. S. Taylor. London: Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
The Milky Way. O. Boeddicker. London: Longmans. 30s.
Theosophical Glossary. H. P. Blavatsky. London: Theosophical Publishing Company. 12s. 6d.
Virgil: Georgics. Books I. and II. Edited by C. S. Jerram. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.
Yorkshire Folk-Tales. M. C. F. Morris. London: Frowde. 7s. 6d.

Foreign

Abraham Bosse. A. Valabregue. Avec 41 grav. Paris: Libr. de l'Art. 4 fr.
Albanesische Studien. G. Meyer. 3. Teil. Leipzig: Freytag. 2 m.
Atlas der Völckerkunde. G. Gerland. Gotha: Perthe. 19 m. 60 pf.
Ermeline. A. Hermant. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
Feuilles détachées: faisant suite aux Souvenirs d'Enfance. E. Renan. Paris: Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
Histoire de l'Algérie. E. Cat. Alger: Jourdan. 4 fr.
Il pessimismo di Leopardi e de Musset. L. Pastore. Torino: Pavaria. 2 l.
L'Idée de Dieu d'après l'Anthropologie et l'Histoire. Comte Goblet d'Alviella. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 6 fr.
Le mari d'Aurette. H. Gréville. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
Le pessimisme hindou. P. Oltramare. Genève: Stapelmohr. 50 pf.
Le rôle social des universités. M. Leclerk. Paris: Colin. 1 fr.
Mennesker og dyr. A. L. Kielland. Kopenhagen: Gydlendal. 3 kr. 25 ö.
Om Henry Drummond. Kritik og forsvar. B. Hall. Christiania: Cammermeyer. 1 kr. 80 ö.
Œuvres de Goethe. Traduction nouv. par C. Bénoit. Tome I. Paris: Lemerre.
Rose et Ninette. A. Daudet. Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr 50 c.
Secret de Fourmies. E. Drumont. Paris: Savine. 2 fr.
Souvenirs d'âge mûr. F. Sarcey. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
Sulla storia del teatro italiano nel secolo 18. E. Masi. Firenze: Sansoni. 4 l.

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Numbering the People.
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